

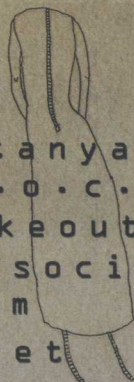
DISCORDER

march 2001

that magazine from cfr 101.9 fm



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DISCORDER

ISSUE 215 • MARCH 2001 • THAT LADY MAGAZINE FROM CITR 101.9FM



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cover

we couldn't decide whether or not this was a "women's issue," some of us thought it should be, while a certain other of us wanted to print "every issue is a women's issue, read the masthead, you dumb fucks" on the cover, the rest of us just weren't sure. the result is a giant ad-packed bonanza of inconsistency, who cares? not me; I just come for the free office supplies. but dig this cover featuring the art of andrea nunes, a girl with really long hair and an orange suitcase full of awesome drawings. cover layed by lori lott.

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DISCORDER

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From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CITR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock. Call the CITR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at citrinfo@club.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at <http://www.ams.ubc.ca/media/citr/> or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUE Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

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SONAR

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CROSSFADE FRIDAYS Grand Opening

w/ J BOOGIE (Om Records) real puny-rocking hiphop with San Fran's best club DJ, plus Vinyl Richie, Ages, Dr J Rm 2 Matty + Kevin 9pm/door \$7 before 10:30/\$9 after

THURSDAY MARCH 08

The Soulfly Collective presents **SISTAHHOOD**

A benefit for the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre featuring DJs, live hiphop, graffiti art, and other manifestations of urban culture
9pm/door advance \$10/\$12 door

FRIDAY MARCH 09

SHORTKUT (San Francisco) @ **CROSSFADE FRIDAYS**

SATURDAY MARCH 10

DAFT PUNK 'Discovery' Advance Listening Party @ INSIDE

w/ Todd Omotani, Dickey Doo, Leanne & Dana D hear the latest CD from this massive French duo played in full twice: main room 9:30-10:30 and 11-12 in Rm2 plus rm 2 with DJ Clarence, Leisa Loud, Wilson Hart & Jono Howard. Doors 9pm/\$10, presented by ModernGroove

MONDAY MARCH 12

LEE SCRATCH PERRY w/ MAD PROFESSOR

The reggae legend once again graces the Sonar stage while Mad Professor gets dubwise on the controls, plus DUBFREQUE opening. 9pm/door advance \$25/\$30 door, advance @ Sonar, Zulu, Bassix, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, Bruce & Highlife

THURSDAY MARCH 15

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FRIDAY MARCH 16

MASTERMIND (Toronto) @ CROSSFADE FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MARCH 23

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THE HERBALISER D'S (UK) @ CROSSFADE FRIDAYS

THURSDAY MARCH 29

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FRIDAY MARCH 30

SCRATCH PERVERTS (UK) @ CROSSFADE FRIDAYS

SATURDAY MARCH 31

***MODERN GROOVE presents INSIDE**

GRAND OPENING PARTY Come down and check out our exciting new night w/ Dickey Doo, Todd Omotani, Luke McKeehan & Dana D in the main House room. Room 2 has Clarence dropping sweet soul & jazz w/ guests Jono Howard, Wilson Hart & Leisa Loud. 9pm/door \$10, in assoc. w/ House Of Venus.

coming soon...

FRU APR 6 **MORENO VELOSO** early show 7-10pm

THU APR 12 **F.U.B.A.R.**

SAT APR 21 **WIGGLE @ INSIDE**

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URBAN



International Women's Day: Past, Present, and Future by Rana E • drawing by Andrea

Every year, thousands of women across the globe raise their voices in unison to celebrate International Women's Day (March 8th). This day is designated to reflect on the progress made by women's rights movements and to focus on issues that still need addressing and action. International Women's Day is a tradition of almost a century. The protests of female factory workers in the late 19th century demanding better working conditions sparked the idea for the event. The first International Women's Day was celebrated in a handful of European countries in the winter of 1911. Under the force of the women's movement in the 1960s and with some prompting from the United Nations, March 8th became the official day of women's solidarity in 1977. The event evolved from a day of celebration and reflection to a week and, in some cases, a month. In Canada, International Women's Week will be celebrated between March 4th and March 10th, March 8th being the highlight. This day presents an opportunity for women divided by geography, economics, religion, or simply lifestyles to come together and march for their collective rights. Despite almost a century of efforts for gender

March 10th, there will be a mixed dance at the Mt. Pleasant Community Centre (3163 Ontario St.).

For those of you with the flames of activism burning in your souls, there are plenty of opportunities to get involved. If you are a woman with a thirst for authority, you can volunteer as a safety officer to help insure the safety of all participants on the day of the event. If you have strong maternal instincts and infinite patience, you can help out with the on-site childcare facilities. Finally, if you are artistically inclined, you may volunteer an afternoon of your time to help distribute posters and pamphlets around the city. However, for those who are either incredibly busy or very lazy, you can simply contribute by spreading the word around to your friends, families, and co-workers. Finally, make sure you pack up some warm fleece, your loudest, most boisterous friends, and a healthy dose of passion (or anger) and join Vancouver's women in their march for women's rights and solidarity on March 10th. See you there!

equality, women's rights in many countries are still suppressed by fascist political regimes, sexist economics, and patriarchal social systems. Canadian women still face issues of suppression, some of which are evident in our own backyard. In Vancouver's East Side, female sex workers continue to go missing only to be found dead without so much as a flinch from local authorities. Childcare is scarce and costly, poverty is prevalent, and abortion providers and clinics still face the dangers of harassment and attacks.

Every year on International Women's Day, hundreds of Vancouver women and their supporters gather to rally and march to raise their voices on the issues that matter to them and to their sisters worldwide. This year will be no exception. The 24th annual march will take place on Saturday, March 10th, to mark the end of International Women's Week. The event will start with a gathering at 11:30am and a short rally at Grandview Park, followed by a march in the Commercial Drive area. There are several speakers and performers scheduled for the rally, including representatives from women's labour groups, aboriginal women's groups, international activists and female musicians. A gathering at Britannia High School will follow the march where several organizations will have information tables. There will be on-site childcare. On the evening of

For more information on the march, call 708-0047

For more information on International Women's Day, check out www.susc-cf.gc.ca/iwd/

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MARCH 8 FOR WOMEN'S DAY
PROGRAMMING!

Highlights include:

- kid's programming hosted by Christina
- spoken word programming by local women artists hosted by Doretta
- a discussion on women in punk/hardcore hosted by "Steve" from the Steve and Mike Show
- alternative women's health issues and more hosted by Karen
- live local rock courtesy of Operation Makeout and Mink on *Thunderbird Radio Hell* (Open)
- all this and more! Listen and learn with the ladies of CITR! Check us out on the web at www.ams.ubc.ca/citr/



Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell on
be heard Thursdays from 9-11 pm on
CITR 101.9 FM

DISORDER: Who are you (names, ages, instruments played)?
Biffy Perdu (45)—electric rhythm guitar, vocals
Ben Nevis (18)—keyboards, acoustic guitar
Captain Mark Stevens (30)—electric lead guitar
John Ancheta (26)—bass guitar
Shiraz Mohammed—drums
Rumour has it that Biffy endured some variety of nasty hand injury several years back. Tell us all about this and how it has affected your musical career.
Well, back in '76, I was doin' a show down in Calais, Maine with the legendary Mr. Chuck White. Now old Chuck couldn't see a damn thing being blind and all, and some young feller started chuckin' beer bottles at him. I wasn't gonna take that, you see, so I jumped off the stage and went on down there to settle a score. Dirty rotter put a broken bottle right through my hand and screwed it all up so as I couldn't play guitar no more. Left music altogether after that. Got dropped like nothing else from my record label. Thought it was the end of my career. Only these last couple of years, I really picked the guitar again—can't play it worth a damn no more, but I got these other fellas here to help me out.
Have any or all of you seen *Deliverance*? Would you



consider starring/making a cameo appearance in a musical version of said movie? Say by Rogers and Hammerstein?
Biffy: Ben wants to play the fella that says "You sure got a pretty mouth."
You've got quite a few guitars on the go... and a keyboard! Is this your usual lineup, and do you ever take this show on the road for some tourin'?
Biffy: Yes, ma'am, this is in fact our regular lineup. We've been coast to coast a couple o' times now—most of the fellas in the band here I met on the road.
So, Biffy, out of bird watching, stamp collecting, and taxidermy, of which of these have you partaken?
Biffy: Well m'dear, although in my youth I was quite a little collector, and I am fond of birds, taxidermy has been front and centre for me damn near all my life. After my hand got all wrecked, I made my living as a taxidermist in Bosta, North Dakota for over a decade. You name it, I've stuffed it.
George Dubya has invited you all down to his native Texas for a big ol' barbecue, and you guys get to bring two bands to accompany you on stage. To whom would you give this privilege?
Biffy: I tell ya, for one I'd bring Robby Hitchcock 'cause I'm awful partial to his music, and he's someone I'd like to meet. Secondly, I'd bring the fellas from Primal Scream 'cause I know they like to party. Finally, if at all possible, I'd gather up the ashes of the Fendermen and put them in a jar up on stage so as they might get some of the

recognition they deserve.

Finally, Biffy Perdu, is life really just about bourbon, pork rinds, and pickup trucks?

Biffy: You forgot a few things such as scotch, dirty women, rye, the right to bear arms, beer, tractor pulls, and rum.

Ask yourself two questions and answer them.

1. Question: Rumour has it that you were close friends with Elvis Presley—is this true?

Answer: Elvis was a good man, and I'll remember him fondly always, but he never could keep up when the boys were out havin' fun.

2. Question: Mr. Perdu, did you in fact sell your soul for rock 'n' roll?

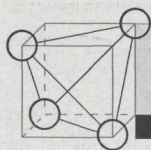
Answer: No comment. •

Discography

1969	<i>Renegade Blues Brigade</i>	(New Town)
1973	<i>Stump Music</i>	(New Town)
2001	<i>The Untold Power of the Cosmos</i>	(Independent)

Contact

c/o Bedlam Studios	604.292.2494
12220 Vickers Way	< info@biffyperdu.com >
Richmond, BC V5V 1H9	www.biffyperdu.com



vancouver special

janis mackenzie and jamaal

RALPH

This Is For the Night People
(Bongo Beat)

Some people write songs with poetic lyrics, and some people read poetry out loud over the sound of bongos. Ralph combines these models but in the process creates something more. By writing and performing real poems with real musical arrangements, he turns them into real songs too, which means that you can enjoy listening to Ralph even if you're not paying attention to what he's saying. At the same time, these really are poems and not merely song lyrics—they're fresh and simple as lyrics really should be but almost never are—so you can enjoy reading the words (conveniently included with the CD) even if you don't put the disc into your machine. The poem/songs are about travelling across Canada, about New York and Paris, about the joys of being in the right place at the right time with the right person, about music, loneliness, Kerouac, and even old-fashioned Protestant-sounding spirituality. Perhaps not surprisingly, since Ralph is a newby, there's plenty of tenderness here too, although never anything senti-

mental or familiar. Instead, we hear about "Trying to keep the world away/With a wet cigarette," "Writing and rewriting/This year's Valentine," and a record that skips whenever he is required, a female guest vocalist makes an appearance. The best is Bridget Sullivan, who contributed a faux folk song on 1997's *Sophisticated Boom Boom*, and sings the sad and lovely "That's What Lonely People Do" this time around. Needless to say, the musicians are good too, playing stylish, usually Beat-era type pieces with confidence and restraint, which is exactly the right thing to do.

www.bongobeat.com

Janis

THE PARLOUR STEPS

The Myth of Summer
(Independent)

The Parlour Steps, a band which includes one-time members of The Vinyagrettes and Sants, is one of those groups that draw on an almost overwhelming mix of styles and genres. Depending on which part of which song you're listening to, you might think this is a morose/dreamy folk combo, a

spooky space-age instrumental group, an extremely retro party band that spun off from a first-year French class, prog-rockers with an industrial bent, a gang of techno-gecs, a garage band, or any combination of these. The musical ingredients are all over the place too: male and female singers, accordion, violin, piano, guitars, drums, childish keyboards, as well as samples, backwards tape, and effects. Never fear—The Parlour Steps hold it all together, whether playing "Inchworm" as slowly as humanly possible, imitating monks in a rave on "Myth of Vancouver," coking out on "Orange Glue Honey," maintaining a dark/pretty groove on "West Samich [sic] Road," or experimenting with vocal dissonance on "Dance Away the Fog."

subtleclab@hotmail.com

Janis

AGING YOUTH GANG

Past Prestissimo
(Independent)

There's no question about what kind of music these guys are playing. Aging Youth Gang doesn't mess around with effects or studio trickery or guest artists, nor should they. This is punk rock in

the tradition of Black Flag, The Avengers, and the Dead Kennedys, loud and fast and full of pointed social commentary. But crisp and noisy as these songs are, there's a cheery kind of feel to the melodies, and the lyrics are occasionally leavened with humour, as befits a group of older-and-wiser guys with years (and years) of punk cred and a well-earned sense of perspective. From the self-deprecating band name to the bonus track (a classic cover), Aging Youth Gang is the real thing.

cherry@and-b.com

Janis

First up on the most coveted roll call in independent music, THE RHEEM RUUD FAMILY. My first mistake was listening to their eight song CD, *What Light, What Heat*, through headphones; their overzealous use of the pan feature started making me cross-eyed. I think calling this collection of sounds music is a bit generous, unless it's the work of your retarded little brother, or sister of course, though I have to say I wholeheartedly support anyone with the balls to sample Mr. Adolf Hitler. The Family, by the way, reside somewhere in Vancouver, but they are apparently too cool for contact info.

LITTLEMAN'SYNDROME also hail from this beautiful bit of paradise, though they are not yet too cool to be contacted (see below). I can't decide if these guys (sorry, ladies) are sensitive song-

smiths or total fucking wankers. Chances are they occasionally bat for both squads, so their results are going to vary. I wonder what they're like live. I'd also like to say, while up here on the pulpit, that it's really nice to hear a band move into the post-ski era (i.e. "Heaven"). Quit fearing the fallen beast. littlemansyndrome.band@hotmail.com

A heartfelt thanks goes out to "Niagara-bwssd" SUBLIMINAL THEORISTS, who were kind enough to label their CD for me "ambient groove experimental." Oh, so it's not "shit"? Susy begs to differ, certain she heard it in the background the last time she was at Bobby Dazzer. As for myself and Miriam, we couldn't get over how the combination of colours and font made the inside cover completely unreadable. Good eye whizbang. Where's Niagara, anyway?

cnexa21@hotmail.com

Coming out of the same little factory of phatness, here's NEXA PSYONIC. Oooh, this one's labelled too "ambient groove experimental." What the? Truth be told, this one's a lot better than the previous. It could be the occasional addition of a beat that really did it for me, but either way this one gets promoted all the way up to "inoffensive background music." Get 'em while supplies last. cnexa21@hotmail.com

Last, and yes, least, here come VANCOUVER'S SHAME, and shame is right. I'm being mocked by my co-workers for a CD I neither recorded, performed on, nor

even purchased. Life ain't fair (eh, ladies). The first offering from these lads goes by the name *Quick and Dirty*, and it consists of 27 tracks of pain. I really don't understand people who try to suck and take pleasure from it, like that cool skater kid who costs a 7% in your grade 10 science class. crusty_records@hotmail.com

On *Night Sled*, the Shane outdo even themselves, finding time in those brief moments of blinding drunkenness that precedes vomit to bang out a full 30 tracks, only one of which I remember by name. That one is "Your Face My Ass", a no doubt Nirvana-inspired ditty that contains my favourite line do jour: "Don't give a fuck/ Cause I don't have a fuck to give/ Don't give a shit/ Cause you might use that shit to live." Any band that can come up with brilliance that life is surely capable of not sucking. Why the persistent sucking? Perhaps I'm being a little rough on the boys, but the thing bands have to remember before wasting their time and money sending me a demo I just may trash is that I'm not a supportive friend. I'm a complete stranger who, a week or more past deadline, spends 24 hours listening to CD after CD of less-than-polished material. I rarely make it past track 10, and if I don't like it you've got five. Choose wisely.

crusty_records@hotmail.com

Jamaal

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moonbabies

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AMG, All Music Guide

"Our young Swedes break a lot of new ground, using technology as an explosive tool. It is also the non-traditional palette that lends itself ever so effectively to communicating the adventures of Ola Frick and Carina Johansson." INDIEPORT

"Moonbabies are surely one of the most talented bands in the European underground scene." SPLENDID

"I can count on the fingers of one hand the number of albums I have played in the last five years which are as good as this." ZEITGEST, SCOTLAND

"Terrific co-ed sung, sparkly, hypnotic, but rough around the edges Swedish pop. This debut is enthusiastically recommended." TWELFKITTEN

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JUNE AND NOVAS



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moonbabies LIVE DATES

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Friday April 27

The Gibson House

downtown Seattle

Friday, May 4

Portland State University,

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Monday May 14

1-Spy, Seattle

experimental music set

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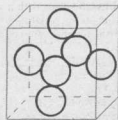
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additional shows posted at
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2001 March 5



culture shock

anthony monday:kuwait correspondent

The Eroticism of Shopping. Or, The End of the World As I Knew It.

I had a slight dilemma writing this. You see, my mind-opening (closing?) Women's Studies minor and own experiences as a young, able-bodied, white male in Canada gave me a deep understanding of the sexism and oppression in this country. And so I was aiming to transverse that whole "intersection" of race/sex/religion/culture/class/nationality/cock-size thing. But I guess my car's brooks were dusty and worn, and I couldn't stop at that "intersection"—I went hurtling through the traffic lights and crashed into the ice cream truck of "Western infidel-criticizing the pure word of the Prophet." I believe it was Pistachio-flavoured ice cream.

I had also considered writ-

ing this month's article from the point of view of my pet budgie—that bright yellow ball of feathers and nervousness I call "Killer"—but I fear his sheer dullness (he doesn't even squawk) wouldn't really amount to the greatest of columns.

So, instead, you get me: a white boy riding the sine waves of culture shock in Muslim Kuwait, one of the richest countries in the world: a place where water is actually more expensive than gas. It is a place where some 14-year-old students receive a larger monthly allowance than my monthly salary. A place where shopping and money is praised above the traditional Islamic values; where, on a night out, the acid taste of home-brewed wine is more enjoyable than drinking the alternative—diluted computer cleaning fluid—and gives you a better hangover.

We know the facts, we've seen and heard them all

before, and no doubt you're getting tragically bored of me woeing and spouting the melodrama. Oh poor me, the sold out white boy, the homo-



sexual perving at 17-year-old boys in his school, the Top 40 lustiness and all the consumerism I could hope for. A

modified existentialist seeking an understanding of Islam. But you're just going to have to deal with another angry column. Maybe the budgie article would have been more interesting.

Anyway, I went shopping on Thursday night—the Islamic Saturday night. There's not much else to do in Kuwait. In fact, shopping seems to be the national sport. And why not? Everyone has money, and it's a good excuse to be in a public space. There are a lot of malls here. A lot. And not just normal, everyday, "Hey look it's a new Eatons/Sears/Zellers." No. These are marble temples devoted to the shopping god. These are pristine houses of commerce where only the most expensive shops and boutiques reside. In one, there are Jaguar and Porsche outlets on the ground floor. Western highbrow culture in the Western lowbrow venue.

And because of the religion—and that whole ownership thing—there are few public spaces where men and women can mix. Even the movie theatres have the larger, "Male" section, and the smaller "Family" sections (because, obviously, all women belong in a family). The only places where males and females can mix, albeit under the rough

scrutiny of security guards, are malls.

And what better time but during the "Hala February" festival. As far as I can tell, it's a festival in celebration of, what else, shopping. Seriously. The streets of downtown Kuwait City are awash with hormonal boys and girls, cooing around each other under the pretext of keeping the economy of Kuwait flourishing and wholly capitalistic. You can practically smell the repressed sex, see it in every skinny Arab boy's eyes, in the darkly shrouded hips of the girls. I mean, I could be projecting and all, but, wow, it feels damn good. For a while.

And then the hollers and the body jostling grow. As the night wears down, and the sale prices spiral, and the patent leather Gucci pants, the designer jackets, the Jaguars and BMWs in the street all swirl. And like in those movies where it all just becomes too much, the honking and yelling of another culture, the deconstruction of self and socialization, the blue eyes of the Syrian men, the thick dark hair of would-be lovers melt, and I

can't breathe. It happens.

It might be my own sexual desperation or the projection of my unconscious desire of the "exotic," or the repressed colonial in me, but Thursday nights at the mall become a frighteningly sexual event. I return home, alone, feeling degraded and dirty, and wholly frustrated. Who knew the mall could be so erotic?

But I guess when the majority of life is about segregation, any public space allows the flirtation of eyes and the thick language of want to spill out, and for a while, we become animals. And Friday morning, the holy day, she can don her black abaya, walk like an upright uniformed shadow to her duty, and he can melt into God. The white boy still lies in bed. I know I must not criticize, must not see this world through my own lens, but hey, what else am I going to do? I got an autistic budgie, there are sheep in my backyard, and I have a TV that plays nothing but sports fishing shows.

Send porn. If I am going to attack the Prophet's word, at least let me be less sexually frustrated. *

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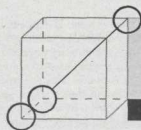
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7 inch

julie colero

After a deadline-bending vacation, I'm ready to hit the keys after repeatedly hitting the buttons on the record player. I've received a few nice platters in the mail this past month, and I scooped a few choice singles while rummaging through bins in Seattle. I'd just like to give a major shout out to the extremely kind clerk at Fallout, who was good enough to let me listen to a bunch of stuff on the loudspeaker in the store. Ahhh, Seattle. Add a sad note to my voice as you hear me say that, as sweet Seattle is now the only place you can be if you're wanting to visit Singles Going Steady. If you're making the trip, for vinyl's sake, make sure you hit up the arcade across the street where you can play Ms. Pac-Man and drink beer AT THE SAME TIME!

I found a bunch of singles in my desk drawer the other day, obviously squirreled away for the express purpose of providing column fodder. I think I forgot about them for a mighty long time, unfortunately, and so

will only briefly gloss the scene. Standout slab: QUASIMOTO's "Hooks 45" on Stones Throw, Peanut Butter Wolf's label, is a dirty little funk tune with the high-pitched MC getting all gross about ladies and their, um, cold sores. Plenty of laughs (or nervous titters, depending on your style) to be had here, while your back end be grooving to the excellent beats in action. www.stonesthrow.com

BLACK CAT #13 always gets me going, and as the recent slew of remixes with the band's screeches as backbone can testify, it does the same to hipsters all over this fair continent. "The Experiment Vol. 2" has new-to-me's CASINO STEEL giving two BC#13 tracks a digital working-over, using creepy ultra-sterile beats to mess with the already kinda frightening hardcore spazz of the band. Very enjoyable. (The Electric Human Project, 500 South Union Street, Wilmington, DE 19805 USA)

And on the analog tip—a new AUSTERS SET single: "Attraction Action Reaction" is

a catchy, gently meandering pop song of tip-top quality. Some horns and a piano are thrown in for good measure, but the band needs no bonus points on an already perfect song. "Clouds Will Clear" isn't better, but it's as good. It's a



love song that's decided that love doesn't have to be about smut or innuendoes. This one would serve as ideal mix-tape fodder. (Suicide Squeeze, 4505 University Way NE, Box 434,

Seattle, WA 98105 USA)

THE WHYTE BOOTS and THE GIRLS do pop songs as well, but in a (supposedly) legitimately old-fashioned sort of way. I hate it when records have no liner notes. I'm going to treat this as a re-release of two girl-group gems from the '60s, and anyone who proves me wrong can write in to me at Payback Time, c/o the Georgia Straight, where I will do my best to act like a stupid teenage boy and chastise you until you cry. But I digress. The matter at hand? Two rock-solid solid-gold songs. The Whyte Boots' "Nightmare" is an amazing

song about a girl whose little inner bad girl tells her to beat up the girl who made Johnny cheat on her. Much to her dismay, the scrap ends in death, and the policemen cart her away! Our troubled youth! The Girls' song, "Chick's Girl," is all about defending the

bad-news boyfriend, asserting that, even though he's from the wrong side of the tracks, he really is a swell guy. I believe you, lady, just please don't break my leg. (Lauper Death

Records, no contact.)

Local fodder for the feed-bucket? THE NEW TOWN ANIMALS. Mint's been pretty busy at the pressing plant, and this is the label's latest offering. Not what I expected, this record dishes out some catchy old-style punk rock. Less dirty than I'd thought it would be, the diction is good and the spelling bad, the way punk rock ought to be. I've yet to see this band on the town, but have seen the delinquent vandalism the boys have left all over the downtown streets. I'm sure that there will be shows to see in the near future, and if you choose to attend, make sure to pick up this single. "Lose that Girl" is a sad anthem to aging punk rockers who've gone and missed the grown-up boat, and "Now That He's Free" is a song about making it out of jail and starting a new life, a subject with little or no bearing on my squeaky-clean life. (Mint, PO Box 3613 Vancouver, BC V6B 3Y6)

SORRY ABOUT DRESDEN has a catchy name, but the band's music is no fire-bomb. Tasteless joke, perhaps, but astute assessment of a sorry attempt at the (sadly still) musical flavour of the month, crapy emotive crap. STRUNK WHITE, the band on the flip-side of this "Rock School" split, is slightly more tolerable, but only because its members were smart enough to steal Fugazi's style. Ms. Colero would like to

address the class with a stern lecture on the penalties of plagiarism and the values of originality.

www.momentbeforeimpact.com Running out of steam here, and I'm ready to cool down with DIANOGAH. Getting all post-rock on it, but without the over-used vibras to sooth us into brain deadness, this three piece presents a very listenable two-song single. If the recent Tristeza album left you a little dry, try this outfit on for size. There's no plodding feel to these tunes, which alternate from slow and pleasant to fast and weird. Oh, and take note—Steve Albini produced this, and he likes the band, too! (Southern, PO Box 577375, Chicago, IL 60657 USA)

Last one, I swear. Real quick, I'd just like to say that THE UPHOLSTERS (Jack White and Brian Muldoon) are not the best ever, but they sure do pull off a mean cover! A re-release of some pre-White Stripes action, this three-song single with one original tune and two covers will suffice until I can get my hands on the real deal. Yet another band I'm a step or two behind on. The White Stripes do rock and roll right. The Upholsters are dirty and gritty, and worth listening to if you want some roughage in your musical diet. (Sympathy For the Record Industry, no contact) •

Kristin Hersh

Sunny border blue

Outside the floodlit fatuity that is the circus ring of commercial rock and pop, a group of souls has always made music in the shadows. Kristin Hersh is one of those musical fringe dwellers whose compositions roar with devastating emotional intensity.

SUNNY BORDER BLUE is Kristin's latest opus. An album of 13 deceptively fragile acoustic songs underlined with a steel-trap savagery.

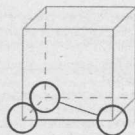
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PIXIES

JAD



radio free press

zines : bleak

We recently got a zine in the mail here at Radio Free Press that, amongst all the cut and paste clutter, all the utterly useless clippings littering the whole damn thing, did not include a simple address! I know it may be constricting and not quite in the spirit of artistic free-expression or spontaneity, but think about putting that address on there anyway, howabout?

This month we'll start off with the aptly titled **COOL BEANS** zine, which is showing signs of growing up. This new issue (#13) is magazine-sized and sports a full-colour cover, while continuing to offer some of the best and most varied band interviews and articles. Editor Matt Kelly has had it with San Francisco and has moved to Portland, citing high rent and dot-commie yuppies as scene-killers. Good for him. Go where you can thrive, I say. This one is another great read with columns from several malcontents, strange news clip-

pings, and zine reviews from Ben Weasel. You'll also find several San Francisco eviction stories, summer travel tales, and another cool-ass compilation CD with Brown Whorenet, Mumble and Peg, Goma, Xiu Xiu, Foibles Iran, Aids, The Monitors, Food (aka Bill Brown), Cooperatives, and music from Trans Am, The Zambonis, Ex-Girl, and Three Day Stubble who are interviewed in the zine as well. <rock@coolbeans.com>

Long time Vancouver zine **SOCKAMAGEE** is still kicking, or flogging, away. Editor Steve Richards has many eccentric fascinations, and fills *Sockamag* with them every issue—be they b-movies or general trash-culture. Admittedly, I wanted to cover this zine earlier, but it got buried within the rubble of my boobie den before being recovered. My apologies to Mr. Richards for getting to this so late. Why an interview with '80s metal muscle rock-head *Thor*? Don't know why,

but it's kinda entertaining nonetheless. Seems Thor has been involved with punkers **Ten Days Late** lately. Strange, yes. *Sockamag* is an example of the classic fanzine, revealing the preoccupations and fancies of the editor: comics, The Three Stooges, obscure video, etc., taking us to places we never thought we'd ever travel or wouldn't necessarily travel again. *Sockamag* usually includes some comics from Vancouver's Colin Upton too; this one certainly does. This zine is usually found around the comic and zine hot-spots. If you can't find it, you can order one for \$2 from Steve Richards at 2037 Stainsbury Avenue, Vancouver, BC V5N 2M9.

Catherine Kidd's **PSITTICINE FLUTE** is a remarkable short story in simple, zine-like form. Kidd conjures dream images and possesses a fascinating attention to detail. What starts out as a playful encounter with friends is eventually woven into

a beautiful and delicate story of the human relationship to treasured objects, the mind, and other people. A very mature and touching work which, like the author, deserves some seri-

ous attention. This is brought to us by Conundrum Press at 266 Fairmount West, Montreal, QB H2V 2G3. <conpress@can.net>



Now, in the "We're make a difference" category comes **ANTITHESIS: THE ZINE OF SFFPRG**. What is it? The SFFPRG stands for Simon Fraser Public Interest Research Group, and this new, thick zine

is free. Once again we see the need for a grass-roots publication to try and fill the gap left by a media owned by multi-fucks in ties who waste all that potential on corporate spin and non-coverage of atrocities. Now if you happen to think that this corporate-bashing is a tired and useless topic, you're not paying attention! We need zines like this to gather up all this resurgent and civic-minded information and get the word out. If not, our children are fucked, starting with the Third World and moving on to our fat, ignorant asses in North America. Anyway, send

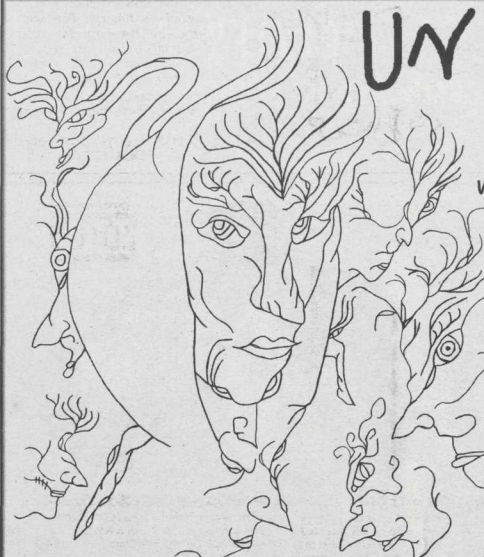
your angry letters to me but be sure to pick up a copy of *Antithesis* at local indie-supportive magazine shops or contact <sfprg-zine@sfu.ca>. They also have a website at www.sfu.ca/~sfprg.

Vancouver is a packed diaper full of creative writers, so I guess it needs no end of lit mags and zines. Okay, so here's

the new one: **RAIN CITY REVIEW** begins with a big bang, gathering together many poets, reviewers, and columnists. Andrew Lithgow's article "Heresy in the Modern Age" looks at the past and present of oppression and persecution of free-thinking writers. Good and heavy stuff. For chapbook writers there is now a place that supports your industry with a review section. Interviewed inside is Mr. Tim Lander who is a local, hairy bohemian and, oh yeah, a chapbook writer, playwright, and busy busker. Overall, the magazine looks terrific and has fantastic potential. Contact S. R. Duncan for more information at <srlduncan@portal.ca>.

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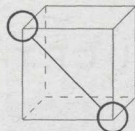
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DA DA KAMERA:

In On It
Wednesday, January 24
Vancouver East Cultural Centre

Been thinking a lot lately about how shows end. Some recognize the door and know enough to go out right there, while others sail straight past it for another wasted half hour or so. Some shows seem to have no clue when to stop and still others are magnificently redeemed by their endings.

In On It, the latest play by Daniel MacIvor presented by his company da da kamera, falls into the last heap, but in a very interesting way. The piece is performed—by MacIvor and actor Darren O'Donnell—with an almost surgical brilliance. Both men have hefty and impressive resumes as actors, playwrights, directors, and filmmakers, while MacIvor (*House, Here Lies Henry and Monster*) is one of Canadian theatre's heaviest

hitters. The production is a sophisticated take on the play-within-a-play structure and dives right to the centre of the onion in the opening scene: a terminally ill man trying to extract the truth from his power-tripping physician. Just when our involvement is greatest, the scene is abruptly cut and discussed by the actors rehearsing it. A third layer emerges when we realize that the actors are lovers, and their relationship becomes its own story.

MacIvor and O'Donnell navigated the play's structural complexities with such suaveness, diving and surfacing among its layers so clearly that it all began to feel like a very classy exercise—a series of clever theatrical arabesques. This surprised me because the stories being explored had such depth and emotional potential. Also because there were so many pleasurable high points. A mimed game of catch

in which the actors synchronized their movements and conversation with the sound effect of the ball thocking into their hands, a joyously naff dance routine to a '60s pop song, and O'Donnell's exquisitely pitched characterization of the dying man's wife Brenda are but a few of them.

I finally realized that one of the play's most impressive features—its structure—was also keeping me from connecting with it in any but the most cerebral of ways. But just when the evening was threatening to become less than the sum of its brilliant parts, the analytical buffer zone—personified by the rehearsing actors—collapsed. In the last scene, the two men are at home bickering. One of them goes out to run a few errands and a sound recording makes it sickeningly obvious that he is in a car accident identical to the one suffered by a character in the play they've been

working on. Now we got to connect. Every loved one who'd ever died, might have died, or eventually will die, crowded the stage as the final spot narrowed on the dead lover's favourite jacket—puddled on the floor where he'd flung it in a tiff before going out.

So MacIvor brings us to an intensely emotional cash-out, but did he really mean for the ride to be so chilly? Probably.

THE HOLY BODY TATTOO:

Circa
Friday, February 9
Vancouver East Cultural Centre

A year ago, a couple came to dance for us so that we could see how things were between them. They showed us their home movies made while they were in Paris. In them, were old geezers on bicycles, couples by the river, people practicing the tango in dance studios and crumbling scenes of the sort that make you long to be almost any place that's old. They danced to the music of some of our favourite minstrels, and most often this dance was the tango because it was the only thing that kept them from thrashing each other to bits. (Although watching them do that was awfully

fascinating as well.) Just the other day—as if it was their anniversary—they came back and brought three of the minstrels with them.

In unfussed succession, Martyn Jacques and the Adrians Huge and Stout of The Tiger Lillies walked onstage with Noam Gagnon and Dana Gingras of The Holy Body Tattoo to begin a remount of *Circa*. Of course having The Tiger Lillies present in the flesh this time round intensified everything, and being able to watch Jacques' face as he performed his tunes of sacrifice and sorrow was a gift.

Flirting with parody, but never consummating Jacques' stately falsetto renderings of "Send in the Clowns" and "I Could Have Danced All Night" accompanied Gagnon and Gingras through the eccentric geography of their tango. Gradually, the sound-tracked violin of Warren Ellis would take over and his screaming, broken rhythms would drive the dance to become ever more frantic.

Remounting a work can involve many changes and enhancements both technical and artistic, but because *Circa* was conceived as an exploration of a relationship, it

changed in ways that were very deep and often quite subtle—like the passing of a year. It seemed as though elements which had previously run in isolated sequence now overlapped: the order of things was pulled around—as if the couple's memories had rearranged themselves, giving rise to new meanings. William Morrison's filmscapes ran parallel to the on-stage action much more often, making for some pointed connections, as when erotic footage of Gingras arched over a chair played behind some of the skillfully violent duets in which the dancers tried to fling and shake each other into submission. Sad and lovely respite came as Morrison's camera roamed through Paris while the couple moved wearily to the Lillies' "Sleep with the Fishes."

The two didn't smile this time when they left us. In fact, it felt more like a big, dark, beautiful notion came and took them away. Although the glitter twinkled once again as it felt, the film that played was the one in the cemetery. And the man with the accordion was singing a song called "The Fall Bearers." They didn't look upset though, just amazed. •

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2001 March 9

YOU DRAW LIKE A GIRL: an interview with JULIE DOUCET

by Lia Kieissling

When I was a kid, my comic book heroes taught me I had a lot to live up to. First there was Blondie. Besides having an alien-like figure and a knack for waking her husband up on time, she taught me that women loved cooking and all we needed to know about power tools was they lived in the garage. Then there was Cathy. With her sniveling attempts to lose weight and get married, I knew sure her destiny would become my own the second I decided to flex my "modern-day woman" muscle and get a job. Even though there was no question that Wonder Woman was WAY cool, I knew my flat chest and pudgy stomach had robbed me of my feminist birthright to save the universe sporting a sparkly blue and red bathing suit and a pair of really cool gold boots.

What I didn't know is that somewhere in the world of counter-culture, I was being drawn. Strong, intelligent women complete with body image problems, crappy boyfriends, and occasional bouts of gas were out there in the world of comic books. It was just up to me to find out where.

The "where" was closer than I thought. I have no doubt that Montreal born, Julie Doucet would have been my girl-hood idol. The 35-year-old comic book artist made her debut in the late 1980s with a style that would have made even Cat Woman blush.

"I've always gotten good responses from both men and women," says Julie from her Montreal apartment. "Rarely has anyone said anything negative about my work."

You can be sure the one thing you won't see in Doucet's comics is a bunch of triple D-cup girls running around thwarting bad guys. Doucet's work is characterised by an almost obsessive attention to detail and more often than not, some very unsettling subject matter. Sex, masturbation, bad boyfriends, jealous girlfriends and hippie rumors—no subject is left untouched, there are no taboos, and purism is not an issue.

Doucet's work is even more raw because of her decision to draw herself as the main character in all her comics. We see her as she sees herself: a punk, living in a crappy apartment, wasting time in art school. "There

was no real conscious decision to use myself as a character, it was just natural to me," says Doucet, whose polite and soft-spoken tone caught me off guard. Doucet's work, like that of many women comic book artists, has been labeled as autobiographical. This is a label Doucet is both cautious and accepting of.

"Yeah, a lot of women do draw from their own experiences [because] women are taught to question their lives from day one," says Doucet.

"But if you look at an artist like Chester Brown, it's pretty close to what a so-called woman cartoonist would do."

In fact, part of the charm of Doucet's first publications was her complete rejection of the autobiographical.

"All my early work was complete fantasy," she says. "I was drawing, illustrating and telling me dreams... it was working really hard all the time for not much money. I just got sick."

It was only later that Doucet began to rely on her own memories. "In the beginning I had tons of ideas and they came really naturally to me, and then there came a point where there was no longer true," says Doucet. "So I started to draw my own stories because I just didn't know what to do."

To date, Doucet has four books published: *Lift Your Leg*, *My Fish Is Dead* (1993), *My Most Secret Desire* (1995), *My New York Diary* (1999) and

her latest work, *The Madame Paul Affair*, which hit the shelves in 2000. Although she has been practically immersed in comic books for the past 10 years, Doucet admits drawing comic books was not in the game plan when she entered art school. "I had such a naive idea of drawing every one was telling me I should be drawing children's books or something," says Doucet. "So I dropped out and went on welfare, a very art student thing of me to do," Doucet says it was only after sending her first work to *World* Magazine in the States that she began to gain any recognition for her work.

"It was only a year-and-a-half after I put out my first fanzine that I was published in the States," says Doucet. "So it happened really fast, and that was nice." Today, all of Doucet's books have been published by Drawn and Quarterly Publications, a Montreal based company.

I had sent my comics to a bunch of publishers and they all said no," says Doucet. "Then I met Chris Oliviero." Oliviero had originally planned to start his own magazine, but when Julie told him of her wish to be published, he changed his mind. "He offered to publish my own comic book, which was super good news," says Doucet.

"It's funny because it's not at all what he meant to do with his life, he just wanted to do the magazine." Drawn and Quarterly Publications has grown to be one of Canada's most respected graphic art publishing companies and hosts numerous artists such as Archer Prewitt and Debbie Drechsler.

As for any further adventures of Julie Doucet after comic-ego, fans may have quite a wait on their hands. Doucet says she's abstained from drawing or reading comics over the past year, choosing instead to focus on her first loves: woodcuts and silk screening books.

"I'm not so sure I'll go back to comics," sighs Doucet. "The thing is, I've been doing only that for the past year or so, and it was working really hard all the time for not much money. I just got sick." Doucet will have another book out with Drawn and Quarterly, but this time it will be more of a sketch book. "The style will be similar, but a lot of it is a portrait."

In the meantime, I'm just thankful I discovered the world of Julie Doucet when I did. At least my daughter will grow-up knowing that there's cooler things in life than fitting into a sparkly blue and red bathing suit. ■

www.drawnandquarterly.com



NATALIE PHILLIPS-COX:

DISORDER: Your full name please. Any nicknames?

Natalie Phillips-Cox. Sometimes people call me Noodle or Nats.

How and when did your business Basement Creations come about?

Basement Creations has been in the making for years, and it finally now is official. My interest in making things started really young. I used to make clothes for my Barbies and pets. Then as a teenager I started making myself dresses and clothes and altering thrift store finds. That lead into my interest into all things handmade. I decided to learn how to reupholster furniture after seeing this woman Libby's work in a tattoo shop. She reupholstered old furniture and made it look beautiful and cool. Not all frumpie and stuff. I bought a bunch of books and took a class. I really got experienced in reupholstering furniture from doing my own chairs and making a lot of mistakes. I have been reupholstering furniture part time for three years now.

The leather bracelet idea came from seeing some leather cuffs in this fancy LA store, and I thought they looked cool, so I went home and made some for myself. Then friends wanted me to make them some, and it just grew from there. I was working at Kill Rock Stars when I came up with silk screening logos on bracelets to create a whole new kind of brand merchandise. I don't like wearing band tees, band tees are such a typical thing to sell. I thought it would be cool for bands to sell something a little less obvious and kinda new and cool. So far I have made them for Sleater-Kinney, Bangs, Lies, Sean Nô No, Smith, and many more. I've made them for a few others. It's kind of time consuming to make them, but it's fun.

I also make furry hats, fake fur rugs, pillows, plain leather bracelets, and I am coming up with bunches of new things every month. I am gonna start making beds, and other styles of leather and vinyl cuffs with studs on them and thionestones.

Did you know that wearing bands or markers of different colors on the right or left has been a tradition in sexual subcultures for decades?



rock 'n' roll reupholsterer

by Cassandra Satana

Yeah, I learned that a while ago when it had a resurgence in the Olympia dyke scene in the early '90s. It was the whole hanky-in-the-pocket thing. It was hilarious. Everyone was sportin' hankies, and we were all trying to remember what meant what. Someone passed out a leaflet that had the meanings of it all, kinda like a hanky dictionary.

What is "selling out"?

Not sticking to your values and goals. I have sold out plenty of times in my life, but I try to stick to my goals. For instance, I worked at Amazon.com for about six months until I about lost my mind and couldn't believe I had to do that to make ends meet.

Is there anything else you'd like to add? What would you say to an aspiring lady small business owner? You may have to work 12-14 hours a day sometimes, but owning your own business and doing something you love makes working a shitty job for five hours seem much worse. Also, don't be scared of failing, otherwise you won't do anything. ■

STELLA MARRS

by Cassandra Satana

Stella Marrs takes the recent feminine past—symbolized by the domestic relics of 1950s America—and transforms it into a vision of a better feminist future. She has been operating her postcard business from Olympia, Washington since the 1980s.

DISORDER: What is success?

Having a dream, a vision, a plan. Knowing how to give yourself the time and space to dream and envision. Developing and manifesting your ideas into this world we live in. Here's the really hard part—at the same time while doing that work—guarding your health and a certain amount of happiness. Realize that maintaining physical balance is a critical part of being able to work. Why does Olympia have a thriving art scene?

From the vantage of a finite time-frame (20 years), as an artist in Olympia—I think that the thriving is the result of particular idea/attitude: Personal properties of technology and space are thought of and shared as "The Commons" in this town. People share their time, materials, space, equipment, resources, enthusiasm, stupidity, and hope. This attitude of giving and sharing, taking and using, bonds each person participating in this circle of making, opening a world of resources at the asking, and many opportunities to help be part of someone else's project. So it's the result of a whole culture of being challenged by what you see other people around you seem to be pulling out of the magic hat,

serious infectious fun constructed with cardboard, duct tape, coat hangers, and obsolete technology.

What goals do you have as an artist? My goal is to make as many object/events in my life as possible that shifts perception and energizes other people to be cultural workers toward the type of platform of justice that Ralph Nader was running, basically. His ideas don't strike me as leftist, they just seem logical to me.

If you could see any art show right now, what would it be?

I read about this German photographer, Andreas Gursky, who makes these giant photographs. I saw just one of his images reproduced in *The New Yorker*—it was a two page spread of a photo that's originally nearly seven feet high and eleven feet long. Its a picture of aisle upon aisle of a candy store in LA, with people shopping for candy, with signs that say 99 cents. The colours! He is having a show at MOMA in New York in the spring, images of stock exchanges, airport lounges, etc. I am driven to go see this work because I have been telling myself an idea for several years now: scale equals feminism NOW. I interpret this to myself that the way to make work in the world that is noticed and has impact, seems to be a matter of scale. How large can you go with an idea? ■

Check out Stella's work online at www.stellamarrs.com, or at Urban Empire in Vancouver.

STELLA MARRS



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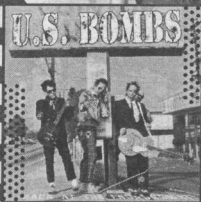
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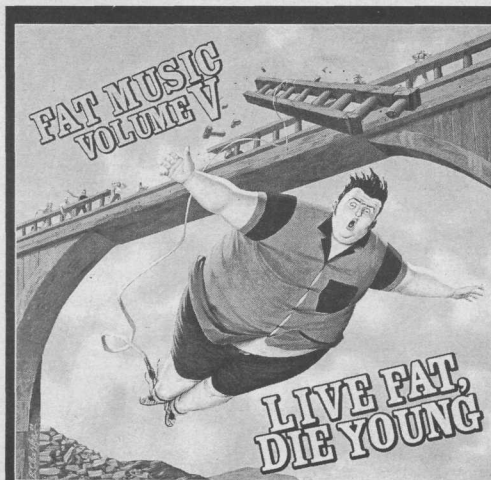
2001 March 11

All four members of Operation Makeout look younger than they are. It could be the healthy Island air (all of them hail originally from Vancouver Island), it could be the matching high-tops, it could be the careful, stretching amateurism of their music. Whatever it is, it gives them a freshness and an energy that many longer-established bands lack.

I talked to Katie Lapi (guitar and vocals), Lee Evernden (bass), Chelsea McDonald (vocals), and Anna Clarke (drums) in an ominously lit Main St. café.



Operation



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SNUFF
SWINGIN' UTTERS
ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES

DISCORDER: You guys made it to the finals of Shindig 2000! I wanted to know how you felt about the whole thing—or even just parts of it.

Lee Evernden: Well, considering we didn't even think we were going to make it past the first round, I think it was a lot of fun playing with all the bands.

Chelsea McDonald: A good experience, I thought.

Katie Lapi: I was surprised we made it past the first round too, judging by the comments and stuff [from the judges].

I didn't actually see any of the nights that you played, but I heard from a roommate of mine that on the final night, a lot of the audience was supporting you, and they were surprised that you didn't win. Is that your impression as well?

Chelsea: I don't think you ever really know what other people are talking about.

Anna Clarke: There was a lot of people there. It was lots of fun—there was more energy, so we had more fun that night.

Katie: I think that was our best show at Shindig, of all three nights.

What did you think of the kind of comments that you got? [laughter] I haven't read them.

Anna: Some of them were good.

Lee: Some of them were pretty typical, I thought.

How do you mean by typical?

Lee: I'm not sure.

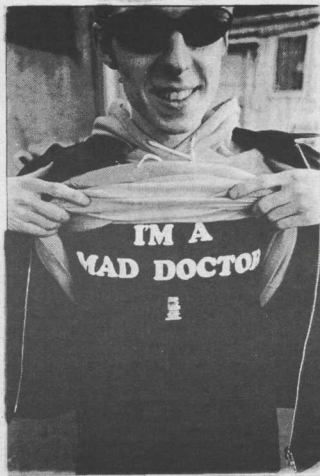
Chelsea: A lot of comparisons.

Katie: We always get compared to Sleater-Kinney, and it gets kind of aggravating. It seems like every time there's two girls singing in a band, or playing guitar [that comparison is broached].

Can you guys tell me your creation story? The

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M a k e o u t

Operation Makeout origin myth? It doesn't have to be true.

Katie: We were originally all nurses at this hospital. We didn't know each other, but we kept on getting in trouble because we kept making out with all of the patients—the comatose ones—we were making out with them all the time. Finally they caught us and kicked us out, and we thought, “What else are we going to do if we can’t be nurses?” So what better thing to do than start a band?

You used to be in other bands as well, right?

Anna: Katie and I were in Molly together, and I was in Welcome to Beastsville, a short-lived band.

Those were both on Vancouver Island?

Anna: Yeah.

Katie: Chelsea and I were in a band called Rescue Annie together. Lee: I was in a band called Skeksis, and that’s pretty much how I met Katie and Anna. We played shows together on the island.

Where exactly on the island are you guys from?

Lee: I was from Parksville.

Anna: Katie and I were from Ladysmith.

Chelsea: I was in Gibsons.

Anna: And I saw you guys play in an earlier incarnation before Lee was in the band.

Chelsea: Oh no!

Katie: Um, Hotel 6.

And you, Katie, were wearing tea strainers on your head. What was the reason for that?

Katie: I was really into those tea strainer glasses. I made them one year for Halloween, and I was really into wearing them all the time. But my eyes are deteriorating, so it’s hard to see with them now. I think we’re much stronger now with Lee—I think we really needed that bottom end.

Can you tell me about how your CD came together? It’s obvious that you put it out yourselves, and you got it recorded yourselves. Is there a story behind that?

Chelsea: I think Lee can tell that one.

Lee: I was going to recording school, and the opportunity arose to record there for free, so I volunteered our band. It was good because we got to record on 16 tracks—it was a 16-track analog machine—

and then we dumped it into the digital domain and did the mixing in ProTools and stuff. Then we took the CD to a duplication house and got it burned out.

Anna: It was kind of rushed, though, so it wasn’t as good as we wanted it to be. We wanted it to come out before we went on tour. **Katie:** We were all learning stuff, too. Lee was obviously learning the recording equipment, and I was learning how to put the cover and stuff together. The colours didn’t turn out the way I wanted them to. But I’m still super glad we did it. I think it’s really good that we did it.

Lee: I feel the end product could have been a lot better if we’d spent more time mixing and doing certain things, but that’s what happens when you rush.

Katie: It’s DIY.

Are you planning on shopping it to labels, or are you not really interested in all that?

Katie: Our next recording—we start recording next weekend again, and we’re recording five songs. We’re planning to send that out to see if anyone else will put it out for us.

It takes a lot of energy to do everything yourself.

Katie: It’s the promotion. That’s the hardest: letting people know that it’s actually out there. I just think a label might be able to give more support with distribution and stuff.

Where did you go on tour?

Katie: We went down the coast of California for two weeks, to San Francisco.

Was it mostly all-ages shows?

Katie: Everywhere except Eureka and Hoquiam.

What?

All: Hoquiam.

Katie: In Washington. It’s near Aberdeen. It’s like a hick town. We played at Thumper’s Tavern.

How did that go?

Anna: It was actually really good. It was pretty entertaining.

Lee: It was kind of a weird atmosphere. Lots of rednecks.

I guess there are always a few kids in every town.

Chelsea: We were the youngest people there, I think.

Anna: Yeah, they were all, like, over 30 or 40.

Katie: But the guy who put on the show was the nicest guy. The other band was buying us pizza, taking care of us and stuff.

How old are all of you?

Katie: I’m 21.

Chelsea: 21.

Anna: 21 in a month.

Lee: 20. The funny thing is that none of us were 21 when we played [Thumper’s Tavern in Hoquiam].

How long have each of you been playing music?

Katie: Well, when Anna and I were in grade nine, we decided that we wanted to start a band. Then we decided we needed to learn instruments. So it wasn’t until about grade 10 or 11 that I really started to learn how to play guitar.

Anna: I played guitar. I just started playing drums with Welcome to Beastsville, and I didn’t know how until I started playing with this band.

Chelsea: I played drums and guitar for a while.

Lee: I started playing guitar and drums about seven years ago, and I only played drums and guitar until Operation Makeout. This is the first time I’ve ever played bass. It’s a new experience.

Touring...

Katie: This summer we’re going to try and go for a month across Canada.

Do you all write lyrics?

Chelsea: Me and Katie write them.

Where do they come from?

Chelsea: I guess whatever’s going on for me at the time.

I was reading the lyric sheet this morning. The words conjure up interesting pictures, but it’s hard to figure out what sort of angle you’re coming from. I guess it’s more personal impressions than anything...

Chelsea: Well it’s harder on our earlier songs because [Katie and I] didn’t really collaborate with our lyrics, so [our respective] lines in one song might not be about the same things.

The italicized lyrics are Katie’s, right?

Katie: Yeah yeah yeah. The italicized ones are the ones that I wrote, and I sing them.

And now you write them together?

Chelsea: No, we still don’t write them together; we just tell each other what we’re writing about now. It keeps the songs much more cohesive.

What’s “Intermission” about?

Katie: “Intermission” is about a relationship that I was in, where someone cheated on me.

That totally wasn’t what was coming to my mind when I listened to that song.

Katie: What did you think it was about?

I don’t know! But it was a lot more general and maybe historical. Less personal.

Katie: It was just kind of about... seeing it coming. Almost knowing that something was happening, without really knowing that you knew.

Do you have any more immediate plans in the next little while?

Katie: Our tour in the summer is the next plan, starting in August. Also, we’re going to try to get better distribution for the CD we already have. We are working really hard on trying to be creative with how we write our new songs, trying to keep things as interesting as possible. We are all much more comfortable with each other now than we were when we started, so it’s much easier for us to throw out new ideas and start experimenting. Chelsea and I have also started to be really aware of how our vocals are interacting.

We’re trying to figure out new ways to write over each other without being so confusing and overwhelming.

I’m sure people ask you about girl bands all the time. What’s your favourite boy band?

Anna: Boy band as in Backstreet Boys?

Interpret it as you like. How do you feel about men in rock?

Lee: Don’t we all like Atom and His Package?

He’s not a boy—he’s a man.

Katie: The Dead Poets.

Anna: Yeah, the Dead Poets are awesome.

Chelsea: The Make-Up, although there’s a girl in it. But they’re mostly boys, just like we’re mostly girls.

Anna: What’s your favourite boy band?

[Lengthy pause] Now that you put it to me, I realize what a stupid question that is.

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By Barbara • Photos: Lori

CHRIS + OLIVIA = C.C.O.

STORY

+

PHOTOS

BY

DUNCAN

M.

MCHUGH

C.C.O. were nice enough to chat with DISCORDER before playing a benefit show in Olympia, WA. Their debut album, C.C.O., was released late last year. This boyfriend and girlfriend duo are the new dance floor overlords.

DISCORDER: You guys are dancing aficionados. What's your favourite music to dance to?

Olivia: My favourite music to dance to is dancehall, Jamaican dancehall.

Chris: Dancehall, reggae, we listen to a lot of stuff like that.

O: Or soul.

C: Yeah, a lot of '70s funk and stuff, stuff with really deep beats. There's a lot of really great underground disco that happened in the '70s, a lot of stuff like that. B-52s, stuff like that.

O: But I have to move when I hear dancehall.

You've been playing to a lot of indie rock fans, played with the sort of bands that have fans who aren't necessarily inclined towards dancing. How have people reacted to you?

C: What I've heard a lot, especially during the

Sleater-Kinney tour, we played a lot of shows and people were telling us that while we were playing, there were lots of smiles.

O: I think people were surprised.

C: Yeah. We've gotten a really positive response. Most of its been, "Wow, you guys are really fun," or "Hey, I danced tonight." It's been really cool.

O: It's not weird at all in Olympia. People like all sorts of stuff here.



They expect to see anything when they go to a show. On tour it was a little different.

It must have been strange to be playing such large venues before having released an album.

C: Yeah.

O: We had the CD at the time, but it hadn't been released yet. But it

So there's no connection to Chamel at all? Because, if you look at your logo, it has Chamel's interlocking "C"s, and Coco Chanel is the company's founder.

O: [Someone else] did that for the lettering for our postcard. We have postcards

coming with our vinyl, were just using that for our shirts too.

So no secret couture aspirations there. You're part of a proud tradition of Olympian duos, and you're about to tour with the Parlour Maids, who are also a duo. Why did you choose to be a two-piece?

O: We just started playing in our basement, and we didn't know who else we'd want to play with us, and who else would go for playing with us [laughing].

C: Yeah, yeah. Another good thing about a duo is that the exchange of ideas flows a lot better. When you have three or four or more people, there's a lot of people that have their own separate ideas that they're putting in. Things progress a lot slower. But maybe in [Olympia] people just want to get their ideas out. The duo format works out a lot. Another thing too is that we were playing a lot at the house and people would come over and hear us and be really into it already.

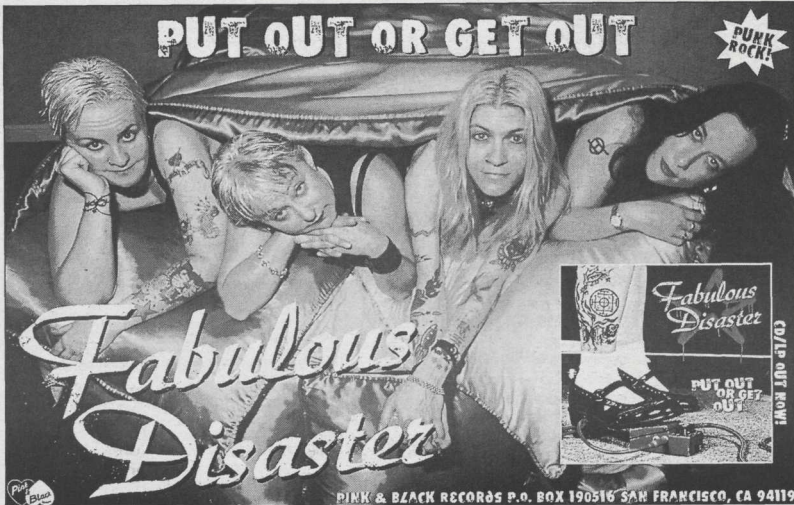
O: Sometimes with a drunken dance.

C: Yeah, and a lot of the music that we both listen to, dub reggae or anything like that, you're listening to the beat and the bassline. Especially when those parts break down, sometimes it's the best part of the song. Keeping it simple is the way to go.

Have you felt any sort of limitations while performing live?

O: Not really. We just improvise with what we know we have. And if we leave something out, that's okay, special effects that we had at the studio. We've had people tell us that we need a guitarist or a keyboardist, but [laughing] usually they want to do it.

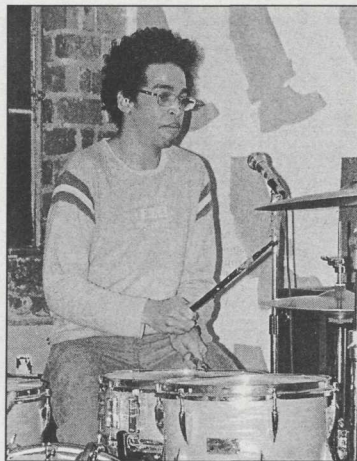
C: That's the point of our band. Like you said,



you mentioned those bands before. I've seen all those bands live. They can deliver a feeling and be able to deliver their message clearly without really needing anyone else. You understand with The White Stripes or C. Average. Those are only two bands, and they're loud, and technical, and they still freak you out and grab you too. And they're just two people also.

[To Olivia] What was your first band, Decoy Decoy like?

O: Pretty Built To Spill-ish, the guy that was kind of leading it, Brian, was really into things like that. It was mainly him and this guy Geoff's collaboration. I wrote my own basslines, but they came up with most of the songs and structure and all that. There would be exceptions. It was kind of on-edge, I guess.



C: Pretty Boise.

O: Yeah, pretty Boise. Brian's from Boise, so... [To Chris] You're known primarily as the bassist for Dub Narcotic Sound System and others. When did you start playing drums?

C: Growing up, when I started listening to music, bass and drums were the things that I listened to the most on records that I listened to. So drums were always something I kind of thought about. I never really had a drum set or access to one until a few years ago. Before we started the band and there was a drum set around, I'd hear lots of different beats listening to records. You know, if you hear something cool, you want to express it, and I spent a lot of time trying to work the fundamentals of drums. Being a bass player and working with a lot of drummers has kind of helped me to learn drums and even back, learning to play with another bass player, playing drums.

It's the rhythm section thing—there is a tie between the two instruments. And how did C.O.C.O. start? Did you just start

playing in the basement?

O: I said I wanted to learn how to play bass, and he wanted to get better at drums. We messed around for a little bit, but not very long, so we just started playing it.

How many years ago was that?

O: Gosh, about a year and a half ago, almost two years, probably the Summer of '99.

C: Yeah.

You designed the cover for the album.

O: Yeah!

Did you have anything to do with the design of the website?

O: Chris actually did that. This girl, Johanna, she kind of put it all together. She put our picture there and stuff.

C: We got together, and we discussed how the layout would be. She was like, "You can make it look however you want." So I just kind of built on it, and then we got together and put ideas about what she was able to do—click on this, make this move—she was really helpful. The website says that there is a new album on the way. Have you guys been recording?

O: We're going to do some recording soon.

C: Probably after our tour, in March. O: Right now we only have four songs kicking around. We just recorded four songs at Yo Yo [Studies].

Did you record with Calvin Johnson again?

O: No, that was Pat [Maley].

C: Of Yo Yo Records. Those songs are going to be going on different compilations. We're doing a split 7" with The Parlour Maids, they're trying to get that out before tour. There's going to be a Yo Yo compilation out before Yo Yo A Go Go [Festival this summer]. And there's this girl named Jen Shirelle who puts out a series of 7"s. She lives in Philadelphia, we played a song for her.

In the song "Move On," it sounds like there's a reference to the chorus of Lipp, Inc.'s "Funkytown." Was that at all conscious?

O: No, it wasn't. And it kind of happened that way, and for a long time I was going to change the words from "move on" because I didn't want to sound like that, but I couldn't think of anything I liked better, so I just said, "Fuck it." We figured it out later and decided it sounded best anyways, so whatever [laughing].

Sort of a silly question, but you've only been playing the bass for a couple of years. How did you come up with such a sweet bassline for the song "417"?

O: That was the first bassline I wrote. That was the first song we came up with. I don't know, it was the first thing that came to my head when we started playing.



What's the buzzing noise on "Superbreakout"?

C: That was this ancient key-board, I forgot what the name of it is right now.

O: Something "Korg."

C: Korg might be the name of it. It was a synthesizer, and, basically, the noises were so complex on this thing that, if you created a sound and you left that sound, you wouldn't be able to get it back. There's so many variations, there's so many switches and variations.

O: It's impossible to find the same sound twice.

C: It's this weird analog thing where it worked by feel.

You're both vegans, and on the song "Yes/No," you sing "Don't eat meat." Was this a spur of the moment lyrical rhyme, or more of a conscious decision?

C: Yeah, yeah. When I tried to create the part, that was the first thing that came to mind but then, when I thought about it, I wondered whether or not I wanted to do that on the record. But when I thought about it, it's who we are, where we come from, and how we live, so that's just how it came out. At the end of the song, I say "We like meat." I did that because the song is "Yes/No," and it's all

about confusion, indecision. I just got that contrast.

Last question, what do you think of the scene in Olympia right now?

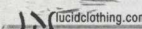
O: It's been really great the last couple of years, well, the last year or two. There have been a lot of new bands coming out, a lot of parties and shows. For while there wasn't much going on.

C: There's this really cool movement that's going on, not just here, but kind of all over, this party music, or dance music, or retro blues music. There's Gene Defcon, The Gossip, there's been a lot more of that. On top of that, you have more heavier bands, like The Tight Bros From Way Back When, this awesome band, just really powerful, or C. Average, or The Need. There's a lot of really creative people and the directions that they're going in are really extreme, but they kind of [all fit] a niche. *






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carolyn mark, linda mcrae, shelley campbell

Women have long played a vital role in Vancouver's roots music scene and continue to do so. In the past few decades, artists such as kd lang, Sue Foley, Neko Case, and Oh Susanna have cut their musical teeth here before achieving greater fame.

One of the foremost proponents of roots music locally is the R.A.N.C.H. Society (Roots Allied Network Community Hosts). Its president, Shelley Campbell, has worked many years to bring attention to our local scene. "We're a non-profit society, aimed at promoting and sustaining a strong roots music community in Vancouver, Victoria, and hopefully spreading the roots gospel internationally," she explained over a pint at the Silverstone Tavern.

Shelley fronts her own band, Auburn, and also works with local roots darlings Radiogram. Her interest in the genre stems from listening to her parents' hillbilly music, playing folk-oriented music on the coffeeshop circuit, a brief stint as a Deadhead, and doing the festival circuit with local worldbeat outfit Dobb and Dumela. She later hooked up with musicians such as Butch Murphy (of roots-rock combo Bughouse Five) and Ronnie Hayward, who was then hosting the Saturday jam at the Railway Club. "Connections started to roll, some members of Bughouse Five started to back me up. I put together Auburn, I recorded [*Misfit Cafe*], and the rest is history!" Shelley laughed. A new Auburn CD should be forthcoming later this year, she added.

Although kd lang's days as a Railway Club regular were before her time, Shelley remembers the inauspicious debut of Neko Case: "I had heard through some friends about Neko. They said she was really great, kind of like Wanda Jackson, and she was going to sing a few songs with Ronnie Hayward at the Railway. She showed up, didn't remember all the words, but she was really cute, and had a wicked voice."

The idea of the R.A.N.C.H. society was first conceived after the June 1997 closing of the Main Street Ranch (Main and 8th). Shelley was part-owner, with Minka Rodin and Butch Murphy, of that sorely-missed vintage clothing/record store/cafe/performance space. "The Main Street Ranch was a gathering spot for celebrating the roots music community," Shelley explained. Her vision when forming R.A.N.C.H. was to continue building a strong sense of community among fellow local roots performers. The idea was first presented to the public via the successful all-female showcase, "Cigarets, Whiskey, and Wild, Wild Women," held June 1999, and featuring Linda McRae, Auburn, The Fixens (Carolyn Mark's former project), and Daisy Duke. In November of that year, Campbell threw a benefit concert at the Marine Club, featuring performances by Linda McRae, Radiogram, The Ploughboys, Auburn, Mac Pontiac, and Slack, which raised enough money to cover start-up costs of the society. By spring 2000, the status of non-profit society was official, and in mid-May, the inaugural RANCFest showcased

close to 30 local roots acts at various venues around the city.

R.A.N.C.H. is now gearing up for its second annual RANCFest in May and gathering material for a compilation CD, which will be sent out to radio stations who have already shown interest via their website, some from as far away as New York and the Netherlands. "It's interesting how we're finding modern means to promote timeless music. It's a healthier time for independent roots artists, and there's more radio support for 'Americana' music internationally," Shelley noted.

She acknowledges that the Main Street Ranch concept may have been before its time for the neighbourhood, but the business experience gained has proved invaluable in "running the Ranch." The R.A.N.C.H. society has three women on the board besides Shelley. Two are musicians (Linda McRae and Robin Pollack) and the third, Blanche Norton, "Cooks up a storm for us hungry musicians," according to Shelley.

"I've tried to make Vancouver a better home-away-from-the-home-of-the-road for us locally-situated roots musicians and am hopeful that together we can make it a better place for other acts to want to come play. Up with networking within a large community that celebrates the diversity and possibilities within the roots genre!"

Shelley has observed that over the last few years, there's been a steady growth of female-based roots bands. "I think women have a stronger possibility of being taken seriously as writers and artists," she noted. When asked about young women musicians in the local scene who are catching her attention, she cited the Be Good Tanyas. "New Music West last year was my first experience hearing them, and I was completely blown away. They just seemed to crawl out of their van, like time-warped, get up on stage, and there they were! They have really come a long way in the last year, which is great."

When I spoke to Trish Klein and Frazee Ford of the Be Good Tanyas, they were still flying high from their experiences at the Folk Alliance music conference, which was held here in mid-February. While they might consider their music to be more "funky than folk," the haunting simplicity of their vocalizing and instrumentation (banjo, guitar, mandolin) owes more to the mountain music of the Appalachians than the contemporary singer/songwriter model. The BGIs have built a good following and "buzz" locally in the past year, and they'd hoped to carry this over into the larger international roots music community represented at the conference. So did they succeed?

"Oh yeah!" exclaimed Trish, as Frazee dug through the newspaper bin at Turk's on Commercial Drive, hunting for a copy of the *National Post* article on the conference which featured them.

"We had the most awesome time because we shared a [showcase] room with 14 other women who are in a collective called Little Red Hen," Trish continued. "Women from all over North America, and I think that was the most unusual, eclectic array of performers: everything from New Orleans bluesque to spoken word, to funk/soul and country blues. It was 24 hours a day jamming... and everyone was so talented. We had the room all decked out in flowers, red candles, fabric, red light bulbs, antique lamps. It felt like a living room in there."

Frazee picked up the thread: "The hottest time crowd-wise was at one in the morning; it seemed to really get going then." Trish interjected, "We had a sauna show up in the back of a moving van at four in the morning, in front of the Hyatt. I was running around the hotel in a towel [after the sauna], holding my clothes, naked!"

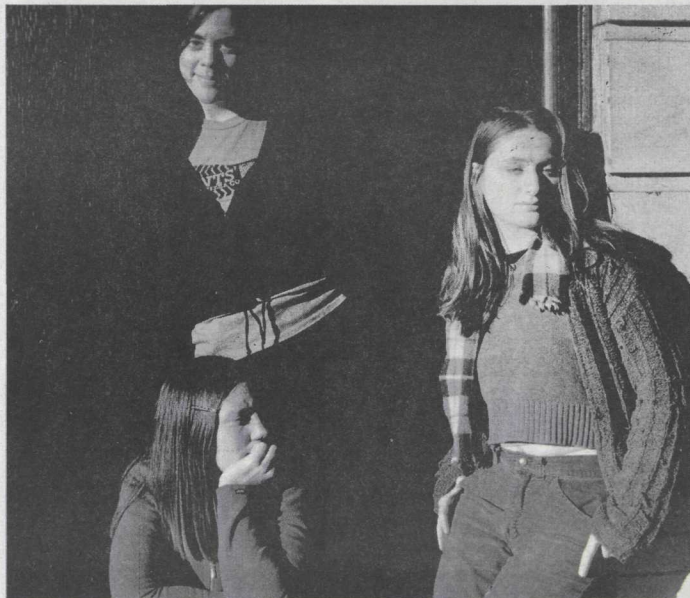
"Everywhere you turned there was a band jamming. There was even a band playing in the elevator at one point; they were in there for two hours entertaining." Trish reminisced. Frazee continued, "It was like being in a city of folk musicians. I felt like it wasn't going to end this is just the way we live, in the back of a moving van at four in the morning, in front of the Hyatt. I was running around the hotel in a towel [after the sauna], holding my clothes, naked!"

Both agreed that having the chance to meet and hear other immensely talented women at the conference was inspirational. Renowned Cajun fiddler Gina Forsyth dropped in and played with them on a few tunes, and in the rare time when they weren't performing, they managed to check out some of the other musicians. "I

Women in the local roots scene

by Val Cormier

photos: Ellinda Siu



by good tanyas



oh susanna

ended up in some amazing situations," Frazier remembered. "There was a woman Ruthie Foster, an incredible gospel singer from Austin, Texas. I was just awed by her incredible voice." "She reminded me of Sam Cooke!" Trish added. "And to be five feet away from a musician of that calibre was just mind-blowing."

"I was just wandering, and every single thing I saw that night was incredible. It was so incredible, my mind was like 'I can't take it anymore,'" Frazier recalled. "Am I going to lose my mind if I see too much incredible art in one evening? I had to go back to the Red Hen room and lie down!"

So what was it like to have created a buzz at the conference, especially as "rookies"? "It was scary," smiled Trish. "We were supposed to start one showcase at 10pm, but there were all these people in the room, and out in the hallway. There were like a million delegates, it seemed, and it was such a spectacle. They were obviously there to see you, and they were just, like, staring at you, and wearing these big [name] tags, and you're trying to avoid looking at them, and trying to play. And it was about 100 degrees in the room because there's so many people, and you're sweating, and your instruments are going out of tune... I was stressed out to the max! After that show I just wanted to go to the bathroom and vomit!" "But overall, we did well under the pressure," Frazier concluded.

Both Frazier and Trish had some pointed observations on the

music business, based on their personal experiences. "One thing I really like about the Red Hen Collective, for instance, is that they're all out there saying, 'I'm a woman. I don't need some sleazy booking agent guy. I don't need a guy manager to say you're a 'girl' act. It's awesome having a female manager like we do, and powerful female friends who know how to do their own booking. So many women in the industry are relying on some guy a lot of the time," Frazier said. Trish continued, "We've had bad experiences with male booking agents. They can patronize you, and they're like 'Oh yeah, pretty girls, it's gonna be great—girl bands are really big right now,' or 'I think you girls would be great with this 14-year-old fiddle prodigy. Put her in your band and we'll get some pictures'. They want you to play up the 'girl' thing. Why can't we just be respected as people and musicians?"

"I really like our manager, Mandy Wheelwright," Frazier stressed. "Her approach is very feminist. She's really into supporting women acts in a way that's respectful." Trish added, "We can relate to her. Some of the other guys we've had to work with are like used-car salesmen in the way they want to represent you. It's all about 'marketing the image', slick talk. Mandy is really calm, nurturing, like a mom or auntie. Her approach is really cool. She keeps it all very real, too. It seems like there's a lot of people out there who like to talk about 'going places', being big stars. But she stresses that

we shouldn't lose track of who we are, take it step by step, and support ourselves as musicians over the long-term, rather than looking for the 'big bucks.'"

What about women as role models? "I was inspired by female artists when I was a teenager," Trish said. "Knowing there were women out there in the music industry made me realize that I could do it myself. Ani DiFranco made a big impression on me. This is one woman who books herself, records her own albums, she's totally independent, has her own company, and she's done really well." And despite the backlash in some quarters against Lilith Fair, these two see it as a positive experience. "Things were run all the way through by women, not just as musical acts," Frazier pointed out.

Even as a young band, they're already inspiring younger women. "I met an 18-year-old woman this weekend who told me 'I was so inspired by your picture in the paper, and I'm just learning how to play the banjo. Can you give me lessons?'" Trish recounted with pride.

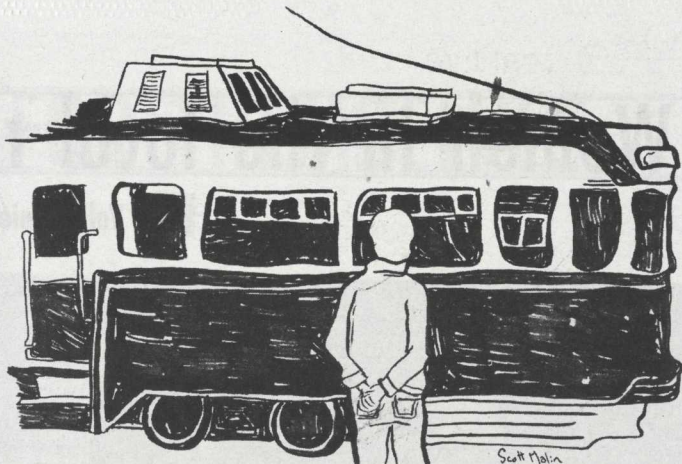
"The whole 'boy's club' in the industry is breaking up," Frazier surmised. "People are realizing how much cooler it is to work with women, too. It seems like there's less ego a lot of the time, and more of a natural approach."

As for the local scene, both agree there are a lot of amazing musicians working in the roots music scene in our city, and hopefully the Folk Alliance conference helped draw some attention to that. Local support of the scene has been a problem, they feel. "People need to rip themselves away from their living rooms, and go and check out more live music in this city," Trish urged.

With strong women like these at the reins, the local roots music scene is bound to gallop along at a good clip into the new century. *

R.A.N.C.H. Society <http://www.ranch.sixty.com/>
Be Good Tanyas <http://www.begoodtanyas.com/>

Tram's newest album, Frequently Asked Questions, may take some patience—perhaps endurance—to listen to, but the rewards are there for the discerning ear. Coming off kinda like Bread without the leaven, or the weary cousins of Low who were forced to take another human life and are hating themselves for it, Tram follows up their gorgeous Heavy Black Frame LP by continuing to explore the bitter struggles of the heart set to bitter downer melodies. I spoke to Tram's Paul Anderson by phone from London.



This is the one the shoegazers have been waiting to kill themselves to.

TRAM

**by Bleek
drawing by Scott Malin**

DISORDER: Can you tell me something about the sadness of *Frequently Asked Questions*? Why so sad?

Paul Anderson: Sadness?

Yeah, of your approach to the music.

Well basically because... umm... I'm not very good at writing happy songs. I always find that writing music is a great antidote to feeling sad.

Are you a depressed person?

No, not really. I have been, but I'm not continually depressed, but I always end up listening to that sort of music and writing it. It's a kind of self-analysis, really.

Is the music based on experiences and disappointments in your life?
It's all pretty true to life, yeah. None of it's really of a contrived nature.

Can you tell me about the other band members? How about Nick Avery?

Nick is really the only permanent member of Tram. I played in a previous band with him, so we've been playing together for quite a while, and all the other players on the album are basically session musicians.

So no one of bands like Broken Dog and such.

Nobody from Broken Dog on this album. They played on the last one, but Clive [Painter], who helped me produce the first one, he and his brother played in the live band. But no members of Broken Dog anymore, just basically various musicians that I really just met for the first time when we made the album.

Anyone in particular that I may have heard of?

There was the one track, the Tim Buckley cover "Once I Was," and John Parish played on that. He's been playing with PJ Harvey. Nobody else you probably would have heard of.

Speaking of Clive, the producer, he seems to be the perfect producer for Tram. He really seems to have developed the perfect atmosphere.

He did the first album, but myself and Nick did the second one ourselves. I mean an awful lot [of help] from Clive, he certainly gave us a stepping stone.

So did the songs come out pretty much the way you heard them in your head?

Yeah, I guess so. Sometimes it would be nice to have the luxury of adding a few more strings or a bit more brass or recording it in a better studio. But essentially most of the songs reached their destination.

Can you tell me about your past as a member of a punk band? [Laughs] Yeah, quite a few years ago I was in a punky, punk-thrashy

band called Bin Hoeker, and we did basically what could be described as the opposite of what Tram does really—played very fast and very loud.

How about the assumption that loud equals heaviness, seriousness, or strength? In my opinion, a lot of the slower bands convey more strength and integrity.

Yes. I couldn't agree more actually. I certainly derive much more intensity by playing less or quieter or, you know, [through] understatement. I think less is more in a lot of cases. Yeah, I kind of gravitate toward that sort of thing and from listening to stuff like Smog and Low I just felt "Yeah," you know, "that's the way I want to do it."

You guys seem to capture an older genre—and I hate to name genres—but something like the shoegazer sort of sound. You revive some of the best aspects of that. Is that something that you set out to do or that you knew you were trying to do?

Uh... shoegazer... shoegazing. The term seems a bit buried in the '80s. It's not necessarily something that I was wanting to emulate at all, really. I can understand what you mean. Atmosphere is all important, and texture, which I can see where your question is coming from but um... not really. I wouldn't want to use the term "shoegazing."

It's almost as if you've taken something that people thought couldn't be done anymore, and you've done it so well.

It's nice to know that you think we're paying attention to it. Is it something that you'd necessarily associate with British bands?

Well, in a lot of ways perhaps I do. I mean there's plenty of American bands doing the slowcore or slow-fi, whatever you call it. How about tours? Are you setting out to do any tours for the new album?

You mean in the States?

And in Canada.

Well, we're still trying to arrange that at the moment with Jet Set, and we haven't set any terms yet. I mean we definitely, definitely want to come play in the States; it's just whether or not we can get someone who could play with us. It's got to finance itself. I mean, we can't really justify playing to half a dozen people every night. What would be an ideal tour line-up? Pick a couple of bands that you would really like to play with.

We've already played with one of the bands we've really wanted to play with and that was Spain when they came over here, so we've done that. Um... I'm in contact with the guy from Low quite a lot, and that would be nice to do. There's a band from Canada I like quite a lot called Godspeed You Black Emperor that we'd love to play with. Yo La Tengo would be nice. Calexico. Lambchop perhaps.

You're picking a lot of my current favourites.

Well, they're all great bands; it would be nice to play with any of them.

Would you be surprised if you had a hit song sometime?

Uhh... yes! [shockingly amused] Yes, actually. I would be surprised if there was any sort of chart hits, but I don't rule it out in the future. How about if you could describe your music to people who haven't heard your music yet but will read this interview.

Ooh, blimey. Let's see. It's music that wears its heart on its sleeve. And what does it sound like? Oh dear, that's a toughy. Uh, it sounds like... it sounds like me doing a bloody good impression of being an American band.

I think I'll drop the rest of that...

Well let's see. It's probably like... slow country folk.

Wow. Do you think of it that way?

Yeah, well it's like a cross between slow American country and British folk of the early '70s.

Really? That sounds a lot more like Black Heart Procession, I think.
Yeah, I like Black Heart Procession actually.

A great band.

I missed them twice when they came over here. I've got one of their albums which I think I put in my top 10 of 1999.

Describe your fans.

They're few but dedicated.

About your album titles, the last one being Heavy Black Frame. Was that a description of the music in a way?

Coincidentally it was. I didn't set out to have it be a description of it, but it seemed to describe it quite nicely. Like a lot of things I used for writing, its expressions I picked up from people when I've been talking to them in quite intense situations.

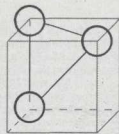
Interesting. How about Frequently Asked Questions, does that refer to anything, like interviews or something?

It's an ironic name really. One of the main differences between the first and the second album is the fact that we upgraded our studio quite considerably, and we got digital recording software and everything, and then we had to learn how to use it to make this album. In an hour of complete frustration, having read the manual, I came up with the name.

That's great.

It just seemed like the perfect title for the content of the album. *

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DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE THE JEALOUS SOUND THE AND/OR'S

Saturday, February 3

Showbox (Seattle)
I was running a bit late, as I had just finished up a job for *DISORDER*, so I missed *The And/Or's*. *The Jealous Sound* played a strong set with good chemistry between the members. Headliners *DCFC* were in their hometown, and perhaps the pressure to perform well in front of all their friends and family was too much. The band played an uneven set. Highlights included a sweet cover of Björk's "All is Full of Love" and a pretty solid version of "Photobooth" which appears on the *Forbidden Love* EP. Sadly, the band did not play "405," one of my favourite Death Cab songs. I credit the set's discontinuity to the wanky performance of the keyboard/guitar player, who needs to be replaced. The bass player was sexy as always but seemed to be trying too hard to rock out. The acoustics at the Showbox made it sound like the band was singing through a wall.

Cassandra Satuma

THE TIGER LILLIES Friday, February 9 Vancouver East Cultural Centre

Up until now, the two most magnificent music gigs I've ever attended have been so far beyond the merely great that they've been all alone out there. Now, *The Tiger Lillies* have made it three. These gentlemen are supreme entertainers, but they're also a travelling medicine show. They don't write prescriptions or try to flog snake oil. They just roll out the diseases so you can laugh, cry, and dance around in them—ultimately a more enlightening and liberating experience.

From the opening number, "The Graveyards of Marseilles" to the first encore, "Sex with Flies," they rooted through the garbage, picked off the scabs, fingered the villains and sang lullabies to the wounded. And always, the cheeky and strangely hopeful dignity of Martin Jacques' delivery mocked what needed mocking, while the blackest humour hid a broken heart.

Musically, they're a wonder. Jacques—he of the immac-

ulate diction and voice like a posh granny—is founder and songwriter. His accordion looked so cherubic and small but sent forth the most powerful and insistent sounds: chords of church organ richness, and melodies that snaked like sad wails around Adrian Stout's monumental double bass. Whether plucking his instrument for warm and nimble lines or bowing it to wild effect, Stout was amazing. The alias-happy rhythm section was founded out by Adrian Huge on drums (and a percussion kit of bogging complexity: knives and forks, wind-up toys, feather dusters, etc.).

At first whiff, even the harshest subject matter came off with levity—the frustrated ambitions of a would-be serial killer, the last 25 minutes of a condemned prisoner, the entreaties of a masochist, the death of a schoolboy junkie—and sometimes the balloon of hilarity stayed afloat 'cause it was just so goddamned funny. At other moments, the lead came down in all its awfulness and you were still laughing.

Used, abused and fallen

ladies populate Jacques' songs to a haunting degree. From "Pretty Lisa," who wanted to be a circus star and whose tattoos hid the bruises inflicted on her by the carné she ended up assisting, to "Trampled Lily," a flower crushed by too many tricks, these are women with dreams that went awry. But the tales don't feel at all prurient or sensational. They're delivered with a sad, surreal detachment that makes Brecht's slick archness seem voyeuristic by comparison.

The Cultch did a fine job of atmospherifying the place. Although some cabaret-style tables placed around the edge of the stage area felt a little contrived, it made the raked seats feel like circus bleachers—a bizarre contrast which somehow worked. The heavy red curtains and chandeliers from the Lillies' earlier performance with the *Holy Body Tattoo* remained, and the light had a yearning dimness that made it seem as though we were huddled at one end of the great hall in an old railway station.

Thanks are due to HBT for hurrying along the first Vancouver appearance of these priceless troubadours.

Penelope Mulligan

SILENT TREATMENT NICELY NICELY

HINTERLAND

Saturday, February 10

Ms. T's Cabaret

This is what it's all about. No bloated rock-gods becoming

increasingly more arrogant onstage even after losing the original romantic spirit of melody. These are three local indie acts that make hometown shows fun and very real. Down in the small, dark venue called Ms. T's Cavern... I mean Catacomb... whoops, Cabaret, a man smoking crack on the steps wants to know how much it is to get in the steam baths down there, ha!

Hinterland started the evening with their first show. Some may remember the local band *Flutter* whose original members dropped out one by one until the band's name seemed irrelevant. A couple of these folks remain as *Hinterland*, an ethereal art band with shades of Vancouver's *Rose Chronicles* showing heavily in the atmospheric instrumentation and lovely vocals. *Hinterland* is more concerned with building an environment of layered lushness than providing a quick rock 'n' roll fix. As guitarist John Lucas (who I had traded mix tapes with for a couple years prior to this evening) confessed, "Close your eyes and it's 1991."

Nicely Nicely was next. Sporting suit and tie, these three lads make terrific, unpretentious indie-rock and stir up a lot of fun and splendid pop hooks. Though not what one would call ground-breaking, Nicely Nicely just surrender to fine rock elements that always seem to be in style, conjuring the likes of *The Hollies*, *Young Fresh*

Fellows, and *Pure Joy*. *Silent Treatment*, if you weren't looking, appeared to have *New Order*'s Peter Hook on bass. To me that's not a bad thing. I miss that early New Order stuff. *The Silent Treatment*, though, and those comparisons there and venture more into a pop arena travelled well by the likes of *The Field Mice*, *Mecca Normal*, and *Dressy Bessy*. Okay, maybe it doesn't make sense now, but it did then.

The entire evening came and went splendidly and when three bands can enliven my hope in local music, well that's worth everything to a music fan.

Note to local venues: Darker beers please.

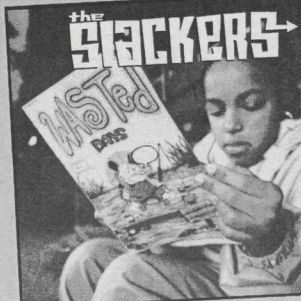
Bleek

BEAUTIFUL MUSIC FESTIVAL

February 13-15

The Sugar Refinery

The first Beautiful Music Festival, curated by Brady Cranfield, happened exactly one year ago and was a smashing success artistically and financially (I presume), with each night a complete sellout. The absence of established headliners (such as *The Beans*) and advance promotion made this year's model a more low-key affair but largely worthwhile nonetheless. It wasn't my intention to attend every evening, but sometimes these things happen. In the neighbourhood to attend a free improv performance at nearby



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1067 Granville, I missed the first act of the festival, **Diesel's Death Pool**. I have seen them on more than a few occasions and was assured upon my late arrival that Lee Hutzleak's hushed baritone and ace accompanists were indeed in fine form. The remainder of the evening proceeded with seeming irreverence for the festival's theme, with DJ Aural mining a Mille Plateaux-style vein that could hardly be called beautiful (or even pretty). Also on the homey side were headliners **Entity: Ephemeral**, **Eternity**, a collective featuring members of **Broken Record Chamber** with **Masa Anzal** on further electronics—both interesting to be sure but beautiful, no.

The second night was for me the most enjoyable (the tone was set with an introduction to the Refinery's **Pasta Raphael**—soo good). DJ **Neosphere** got things started, spinning a set of mostly jazz ballads, marred slightly by a grounding problem with the turntables. The first performer of the evening was **Mark Szabo** who turned in a stunning set, confirming for all in attendance his reputation as one of our city's finest songsmiths. A highlight came during the song "Agent, Agent" (not a Szabo original; as Mark sang the refrain "I'm not broke/You can't fix me," not one but two audience members were attempting to fix his sagging mic stand. Maybe I'm the only one who found it funny. Accompanied by **Lee Livingston** of **The Radio** for half the set, this was perhaps the best Mark solo show I've yet seen, with his voice and guitar-playing in rare form.

Another short set by DJ **Neosphere** was followed by the evening's headliners **The Birthday Machine**. Fronted by **Miko Hoffman** and **Stefan Udeli** on guitars and alternating lead vocals, they put forth perhaps their most confident and solid set so far. Miko's voice struck me as particularly clear and strong (due as well to a good mic, I'm sure). All in all a wonderful show.

Undoubtedly, I deliberated quite a bit on whether or not to attend the third night, but remembered snippets of **Young & Sexy** songs floating through my head all day tipped the scales. Although performing without their rhythm section, they didn't disappoint either. Really, this band at full steam is truly one of the best pop groups in town, and I for one can't wait to hear their (long delayed) debut album. Between sets, DJ **Soulah** mixed up an eclectic array of song and sound to perhaps the largest crowd of the festival. I found myself wishing he'd kept right on as (sorry) I didn't really enjoy **Pano**, the final act of the festival. Sure, they sing pretty and quiet and play pretty and quiet, but the utter lack of dynamics (save for the number on which they were joined by drummer **Josh Wells**) and presence bored the pants off of me. They're young, I

know—in time, perhaps.

Last year, **BMF** really felt like a festival, with the introduction of new acts and a full blown finale (again, **The Beans**) that were sorely missing this year. Still, I had some fun and saw some fantastic music. Should it happen again next year, I'll be there. Maybe not every night, but I'll be there.

Steven Borracho

THE DONNAS THE BLACK HALOS TUULI

Friday, February 16
Richard's On Richards
Alright, first off, a minor gripe: what's with making us wait outside until the band finished sound check? I'm sorry you feel it necessary to punish the kids who've been waiting in line for a good hour or more after the time that was printed on the ticket (the show got underway shortly after 7:00), but c'mon!

Well, Tuuli had barely finished said sound check before struttin' their stuff to the now trickling-in crowd, and as enjoyable as they were, they seemed a little off their game. Could've been the early start, their chemistry with new touring drummer (sorry I forgot your name; but you play with **New Electric Riot**, don't you?), but the ladies didn't quite hit their stride until the set was almost over, and with only a half-hour to churn out pop-rock gems like "Cinema," "So Glad" and "Tough Guys," their work was cut out for them. Highlight of the set had to be their rendition of that **Garbage** tune with the redhead guitarist taking over vocal duties, ironically bearing a striking resemblance to Ms. Shirley Manson: she's 15 years younger. Oh yeah, and

the three times that the lead singer whispered to her band mate to ask whether or not her skirt was riding up... oh the horror!

The Black Halos made use of what little time they had and tore through material from their forthcoming release, kick starting with "Last Of The 1'sers" and not letting up until we had

into the crowd, only to hit me square in the head! Hoping to do one better, I immediately tossed them back, narrowly missing drummer Rob, as they skidded across his kit. The new stuff definitely packs a wallop live, with "Some Things Never Fall" standing out because of its shout-along chorus, and "Sell Out Love" has some catchy riffs

start the violence in March for a tour across the U.S. and Canada.

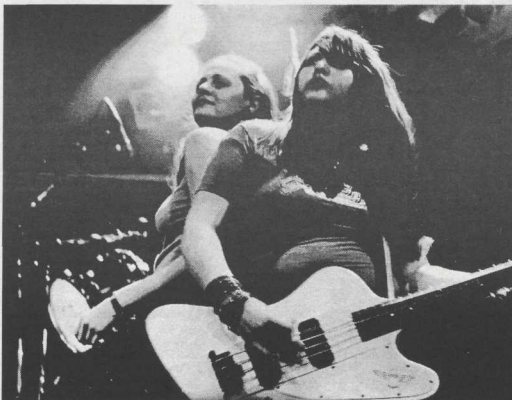
Last year we "got skintight" with tonight's headliners, but this time we're "turning 21," and even though they may be of legal drinking age now, they certainly didn't play like it—just seemed like some of the show was a little forced.

Hit it?" with that ripping lead guitar opening from **Donna R.** and "Little Boy" (my favourite so far from the LP, but why no "Play My Game"?). It was when they played their older stuff and changed the feel of the songs that threw me off. Why they chose to play tunes like "Get U Alone," "Hyperactive," "Checkin' It Out," and "Wanna Get Some Stuff" (from *American Teenage Rock And Roll Machine*) at the same mid-tempo speed as the newer songs doesn't make sense. I know the change in musical direction over the last three records is significant to the style they're into right now, but they shouldn't knock the songs for how they should be played: fast and furious, the way they were first written. "Let's Go Mano" just doesn't make me want to do it when you're playing it three times slower, it just makes me want to go to bed.

Bryce Dunn

THE SUPERSUCKERS THE NEW TOWN ANIMALS THE NASTY ON

Sunday, February 18
Richard's On Richards
Well, back again to Gaytown Dick's (as **Eddie Spaghetti** jokingly referred to it) for another rock show. My apologies to **The Nasty On** for missing the first half of their set (my fashionably late entrance at 9:00 instead of 8:30), and to Jason for getting my facts wrong on that cover tune (you're right it was "747 1st" but now I'm gonna challenge you on who wrote it: I say it was **The Soulenders**). Good rockin' as always. Hadn't seen the **N.T.A.** since New Year's Eve, and it was good to see them make use of a huge



THE DONNAS ROCK RICHARD'S
PHOTO BY ELLINDA SIU

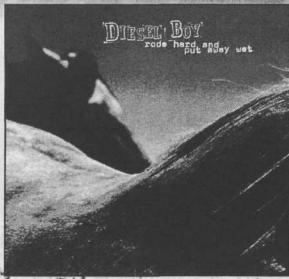
seen Billy get some good use out of a pair of red lace panties that spent the better part of the show stuffed in his crotch. He would eventually whip them

running through it—if you didn't check them out at this or their record release show (March 1 at Dick's), you may have to wait a while as they

Don't get me wrong, I like **The Donnas** and a lot of the new record was executed well, particularly "Are You Gonna Move It For Me?", "Do You Wanna

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sound system (maybe a little more guitar next time?). Watching these guys is a trip 'cuz of Alex and Jeff's facial expressions, but the rest of the gang ain't no slouches neither. Haven't seen 'em yet? Think Toy Dolls meets Saints punk rock.

Well what have we come to expect from the evil powers of rock and roll? Mucho mano cornuda (which was apparent): lotsa guitar wanking (maybe a little too much this time), but inevitably an old-fashioned, straight up, no nonsense good time. Could have used more of the old hits too—where were "Girl I Know," "Burnin' Up," and "Hell City, Hell"? But I digress. Almost ready to pack it in when they played their trump card and had all the band besides Eddie do some bass solos, and when Drummer Dancing Eagle did his solo by playing the bass with his sticks while still keeping the beat, the place blew up. Nineteen Supersucker salvos ended the show and then it was off to enjoy the spoils of another night of being "The Greatest Rock And Roll Band In The World."

Bryce Dunn

DJ QBERT
Friday, February 23
Sonar

Vancouver had waited just too damn long to be treated by the world's greatest DJ/turntablist, DJ QBERT. This was just too obvious on the February 23

with the clock-long time up, standing in the rain, waiting to see him at Sonar Nightclub in Gastown. Having mad sponsors for this event, it was only 10 bones to witness history in the making, which is alright in my mind. QBERT, one of the five members of the Invisibl Skratch Piklz, has led the world in innovative styles, techniques, and just plain skill for pretty much the last decade. In the early '90s, QBERT completely dominated the world DJ scene with his skill and unique style. After eliminating all competition and claiming the titles of the Disco Mixing Club (DMC) 1991 USA Champion and the 1992-1994 DMC World Champion, QBERT was asked by the DMC founders to judge the 1995 DMC Championships because he was just too damn ill and left little room for competition. In June 1998, QBERT, along with another member of ISP, MixMaster Mike, received the DMC DJ Hall of Fame award. QBERT's success in the industry was clearly justified with his almost hour-long set on Friday. Having just seen parts of QBERT's new animated movie to his '98 album *Warc Twisters*, Richard Quivette (QBERT) took no time to stir up the crowd and drop jaws throughout.

If you don't have any QBERT, *Demolition Pumpkin Square*, *Warc Twisters*, and the soon to be released *A-Trak* and *QBERT Backtoth Wizards* are all must-listen albums, but he's

also got about five or six other albums, not to mention guest spots on others like *The Return of the DJ* series. DJ QBERT will always fill rooms, so if any club promoter is reading this, **BOOK HIM AGAIN!**

Geoffrey Wilkinson

-OUTHERN PACIFI+
Monday, February 26
Video In Studios

Ignorant fucking music critics like myself are the reason why local musicians don't get the respect they deserve. We swoop on into the venue—sucking the promoter's jugular for precious +1s more often than not—listen to a few songs, pull vague and specious comparisons out of our asses, and then move on home to translate the whole event into journalese. Look at me, for example: arriving at Video In for the Vote Robot show at 10:15pm, I managed to escape the dark metal room by 10:40. And I somehow still think, editorial scruples notwithstanding that I have the right to monopolize precious print space with my ill-informed opinions. Typical.

The two people I spoke to at this show tried to make me feel stupid and/or guilty for leaving after such a negligible appearance. Vote Robot, after all, are great and may never play in this town again. Consensus seems to be that I owe all the acts on the bill my time and energy. I might have agreed with this idea a few

years back, but too many evenings ruined by the stoic endurance of unwanted music have eroded my ability to care. I have a couple of ready-made justifications for my departure this evening. Firstly, the idea that an audience "owes" a performer something is yet another example of the individualistic privileging of the artist over the audience, creator over consumer. The audience owes nothing to the performer except basic human courtesy. Secondly, it was best for me to exit the scene after —outhern pacifi+ performance because I didn't want fatigue, boredom, or other incubi of overwork to interfere with the praise I intended to heap on Josh Stevenson's set.

Infruriating as the name of the band may be—lazy editors always hate words that make their spell-checkers light up—it alludes, obviously, to a place on this planet whose standard associations are with primitiveness, warm weather, and isolated islands in rolling seas. Plugging the kingdoms of Vanuatu and Samoa into analogue equipment, Stevenson managed to squeeze out a stark set of perfect length. Low frequencies built, through (intentional?) fluctuations of volume, to a gorgeous spread of clicks and pops over harmonium-like drones. Slices of sound reminiscent of piano and gong provided some "real world" reference points—at one point I was

pleasantly reminded of some of Coil's more-or-less recent work (1996's *Black Light District* in particular, for those who could give a shit). Meanwhile, a visual display bombarded the audience with harsh flashes of naive computer art hinting at human and animal figures. Towards the end of the set, these cute, frightening displays were disrupted suddenly by a hilarious live document of a metal band rockin' out onstage. I was so delighted I had to leave.

I'm sure the other performers, Vote Robot, Loscil, and 833-45, were great. Buy all their records and go to all their shows. I've had my enjoyment for the evening.

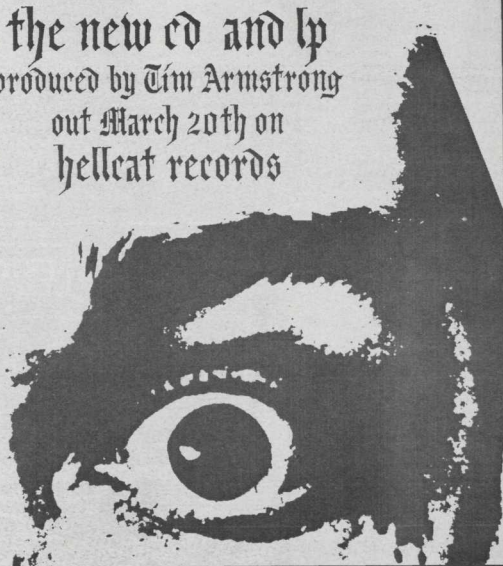
Barbara

PRODUCTION TUNES FOR THE DISORDER KIDS

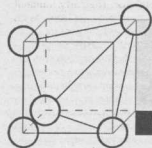
this month was mostly pretty dull. barbara managed to keep her cool until the last day of production, when she started picking fights with random people—including maren and certain dolly employees—and overturning furniture in the cir lounge. she blames it on the extra burst of testosterone caused by listening almost exclusively to the misfits for weeks and weeks. when we weren't totally overdoing it with *static age*, we also listened to the *flex your head* compilation and the frogs and blue pine and propagandhi and the damned and the jesu lizard and liliput and dilated peoples and the residents.



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BROKEBACK

Money Code in the Modern Age: Across the Americas (Thrill Jockey)

Can you go wrong doing a cover of Roy Orbison's "Running Scared"? Well maybe you could, but that is just not the case here. Brokeback manages to just make it over the EP mark at 30 minutes with a meager three songs—impressive. Although this is an interactive CD, it seems to have taken a dislike to my computer, so sadly, dear reader, I cannot tell you how the included videos made me feel. What I can tell you is that the album is presented in a smartly designed double gatefold sleeve (they must know that I'm a sucker for presentation). Ambient and pleasing are the words of the day, with a touch of the *Paris, Texas* soundtrack. Minute 5:10 of track two, a trumpet track pulls my attention from my book—yes, this album is good. Did I mention that they do a just not of "Running Scared"?
Jay Duallard

JIM CARROLL

Ramavay

(Kill Rock Stars)

The voices of Lou Reed, Patti Smith, and Joey Ramone take by the collar and scream "Welcome to New York." Every other important New York artist since then has been, in some way, the bastard child of this trinity. For example, just listen to Television, The Talking Heads, or most noticeably, Sonic Youth. Jim Carroll is another such disciple. A professed worshipper of Patti Smith, his voice drips puddles of Lou Reed, with a little bit of The Ramones here and there. Of course, strong influences do not necessarily make a great artist. Jim Carroll, while an amalgamation of VU, Patti Smith, and The Ramones, does not begin to approach their legendary heights. Of course, no one expects him to. That said, this is an odd little EP. The title track is a cover of the famous Del Shannon song (the song that goes "I wa wa wa wonder"). The thing with covering a song that everybody knows is that playing it exactly like the original just doesn't cut it. That's pretty much what Jim does. What drove him to centre his EP around this track is anybody's guess. The second song is more standard Jim Carroll fare: half-spoken, half-sung vocals in that Burroughsian heroin-tinged voice, doing his best Lou Reed impression in

front of slowish keyboard-oriented new wave. The last three tracks are from a '98 performance in Seattle and include two of his best songs, "I Want the Angel" and "It's Too Late"; the third is from his disappointing '98 comeback album, *Pools of Mercury*. The live performances are spirited and remarkably well-recorded, representing one of the rare occasions where a live recording eclipses the original album version. However, when you strip away the mystique from the acclaimed poetry and the fact that Leonardo DiCaprio played him in the movie based on the book about his life, all you have are leftovers from a new wave album that was made in 1998. 1998! It should be noted that longtime Carroll collaborator and former Patti Smith Band member Lenny Kaye does not appear on this EP; instead, his backing band consists of the members of Soundgarden and the Screaming Trees. It should also be noted that Jim Carroll is no David Byrne.
gofred j. Leung, esq.

DJ SUSHI

The Lost Dub Plates

(Kawaguchi Kul/Revolver)

When 22-year-old DJ Sushi, aka Yukio Utada, committed suicide on January 1, 1999 by

jumping in front of a commuter train in his hometown of Kunitachi City, the world lost the "DJ's D." At least that is what he was called by the likes of Rob Swift, Eddie Def, DJ Quest, DJ Shadow, and his fellow countryman and good friend, DJ Krush.

The story goes that teen phenom Sushi disliked the co-opting of turntablism by the mainstream, and as such, was elusive—rarely doing interviews and never taking part in any DJ competitions or allowing photos of himself to be snapped.

This EP is the first and last release of Sushi's work. It is a compilation of two extremely limited 12" dub plates (limited vinyl releases pressed for friends and other DJs to use and enjoy—only ten were pressed of each) which came out in '97 and '98. They consisted mostly of solo work, but also some stuff he did with DJ Jujitsu. Together, the two were known as the Otaku Scratch Crew (or alternately, the Typical Scratch Nerds). The two series of dub plates themselves were identified only by a red "x" on the label and have both recently snagged high winning bids on eBay (I'm talking about a grand, here). You can read the rest of Sushi's brief "legend" in the

liner notes.

Considering the sudden rash of performance art personas which have recently come on the underground—particularly electronic—music scenes (take, for instance, the Canadian double-shot of Peaches and Gonzales) complete with fake histories and identities, I initially took the Sushi story with a grain of salt. My initial explanation was that since DJ Krush did an intro to the fourth track, "Ichiban Itch," maybe Sushi was a cleverly-devised alter-ego for Krush. Then, if the fans liked it, he could spill the beans. Well, no beans have been spilled, and Sushi still seems to be dead. Creepy and whacked as that story may be, if you buy it, then you have Utada's mother to thank for allowing the re-release of these influential dub plates.

Sensational life story aside, Sushi's turntablism and musical sense are uncannily top-notch; in fact, I am still hard-pressed to believe that most of this material was created by somebody still in his mid- to late-teens. Six of the eight tracks take a decidedly trip-hoppy and/or acid jazz take on the art of turntablism. The closing two tracks, "Gangnam Girl" and "Underdog Is Here," display a funk-meets-pop turn on scratching which sounds simultaneously catchy yet still somewhat not totally accessible or completely groove-oriented. Categorizing the sound of these tracks would be underselling them; however, the danceability or style of these tunes is not as important as the quirky yet sometimes eerie or unsettling mood of the tracks. There is a fresh, pull-out-all-the-stops approach to

Sushi's work. Proof that others think so lies in the fact that this EP has shown up on more than a few hip-hop or electronic best-of lists for 2000, including but not limited to *Alternative Press* and *The Manchester Guardian Weekly*.

It's a true blessing that DJ Sushi's dub plates were finally made available to the people. Who knows what future record scratcher this ground-breaking piece of work might influence?

Mike Chilton

STOBHAN DUVAL

Star

(Independent)

This self-assured first full-length from former Bombshells and Bif Naked guitarist, Stobhan Duval, is everything you liked about early-'80s mainstream fem-rock, but were afraid to admit lest it ruin your indie cred.

Maybe it was being in that BCtel commercial where she sang that certain Blondie tune that pushed her towards her now-wavey guitar pop maven image. One thing is for certain: Miss Duval sure brushed up on her Pat Benatar, Go-Go's, and Blondie lexicon of vocal inflections before invading the studio with her crack all-star band.

This band includes Jack Tripper's (and former Sarah McLachlan band guitarist) Sean Ashby and former Odds (and current Sharkskin members) Doug Elliott and Pat Stewart. The record is likely better for the sure-footed musicianship these players provided in the studio.

Duval paints the canvas that is *Star* with bright neon and pastel new wave colours and a spiky pop-punk brush, which likely contains strands of hairs

from '80s pop deserters like Joan Jett. Duval uses that brush to paint her strokes bravely on the thrashy "Can't Stand You." But the rest of the CD's 10 tracks also contain an inherent punkish sneer that belies its sugary sweet girl-pop vocals. Yes, even on her cover of Nena's "99 Red Balloons."

The album's lone misstep is the cheesy, pseudo-plaintive mid-tempo "After All." But they can't all be winners and one cut of 10 ain't bad, really.

Unfortunately, this album will likely never be taken seriously by many people, even though it is a charming, fun, and well-made album. It will be seen as too fluffy for the college and indie scenes into which this album will be slotted by the mainstream. On the other hand, it is too playful and self-effacing to be given a chance by the testosterone-fuelled, Limp Bizkit-worshipping mainstream into which the professional-sounding album will be categorized by the college and indie radio and media types.

As Blondie sang to music snobs in her song "Rapture": "Well now you see what you wannabe/go have your party on TV."

Spike

FAN TAT ALLEY

Pennies in the Parking Lot

(Cordova Bay/Ragged Pup)

The lousy thing about reviewing an artist's debut CD is that in making a judgment on the album, one also usually paints their opinion of the band itself with the same brush. I mean, just look at how the Swedish band, The Cardigans, have been trying to shake the '70s image *Love Fool* created. In the



case of Victoria's **Fan Tan Alley**, they attempt to pass themselves off as such epic '70s schlocky cock rock icons as **Styx** and **Foreigner**. FTA mimics these types of bands so much throughout the album, they come off as maudlin and hardly musically relevant—especially on the ballads. I hate passing this initial judgment on FTA because, even though the band made my nose crinkle with such stinky pieces of cheese as "Hey Yesterday," I believe FTA have the chops to churn out a promising sophomore release if they put themselves on a steady diet of hard rock and punk... now!

Spike

STEVE FISK 999 Levels of Undo (Sub Pop)

Twelve years ago, I was a DJ at KJPS Tacoma, and there was a period of time when I would play **Steve Fisk** every week and proclaim "Steve Fisk is God."

Fisk, as I remember, became known as the **Screaming Trees'** producer during the mid-'80s and moved from one fuckin' cool band to another, producing, adding keyboards and his incredible and extraterrestrial sense of rhythm. The bands and artists he has worked with number in the dozens, but some of them include **Girl Trouble**, **Nirvana**, **Beat Happening**, **Mocker**, **Boss Hog**, **Negativland**, etc. His own bands have been the (disappointing) **Pigeonhed** and **Pell Mell**. The list goes on and on. My favorites are Fisk's solo outputs, especially the 448 **Deathless Days LP** and the limited K Records cassette release of **1 More Valley**. These were the more bizarre, personal recordings of a creative but odd man. With 999 Levels of Undo, Fisk sounds as if he's been able to afford some new equipment, but happily the weird shit and fantastic Fiskisms are still flowing. 999 Levels... is a generous

heaping of expertly-handled electronic wizardry and samples. A welcome addition to the Fisk files, and evidence that he's one of the heaviest hitters of the Washington modern music industry. **Black**

HISSY FIT Restless (Independent)

The local media wonder out loud why Hissy Fit has not reached some level of mainstream success in this city. It is likely because the local quartet has time and time again been incorrectly slotted into the punk category—many times by the very music writers who bemoan their lack of success. However, it has been the band's own choice to be included on compilations by such "punk" labels as the Vancouver-based **Crusty Records**. It is a shame, because many potential fans that would really love Hissy Fit's brand of early '80s female-

fronted hard rock are subsequently scared off.

This seven-track beauty of an album, the band's third, shows the Hissy Fit hotrod firing on all cylinders and blazing forward in overdrive. Guitarist and frontwoman **Christy Grignep's** growly, slightly threatening voice and driving, hook-laden guitar work confirms my suspicion that she has torn multiple pages from the *Joan Jett Expert Manual for the Tide No B.S. Women of Rock* and stuffed them into her back pocket for easy reference. She is that good at commanding the listener's attention. The cover of the Pretenders' classic "Pretorius" doesn't hurt, either. Tightly sewn rhythmic support from drummer **Scott** and bassist **Dave**, and adeptly interwoven guitar accompaniment by lead guitarist **Terry** create a mosaic of sound pleasurable to both the ear and the dancing shoes. But aside from perhaps the title track, none of this album reeks of "punk." So please, no type-casting, for the band's sake. **Spike**

INTERNAL/EXTERNAL

Inside out
(K)

With the release of last year's collaborative debut **collaborative debut** *Featuring...* I declared **Internal/External**—which is actually the performance moniker for Olympia-based songwriter and recording engineer **Paul E. Schuster**—to be a pioneer in a new style of trippy Northwest growliness. With his follow-up EP, Schuster enlists the help of **Rebecca Peary** to add her seductive **Debbie Harry**-at-her-sexiest vocals to the two tracks, "Anchorwood" and "Sweetness," both compositions whose bed tracks had completely different lyrics and vocalists on them on the debut album (**Lois Mafoe** and **Rachel Canis**, respectively). In other words, as far as getting one's money's worth of original material is concerned, four of the seven tracks on this EP have been previously heard in some form before. However, the real value in this album comes from the three original tracks: the epic and deceptively simple and incredibly danceable house sounds of the album opener, "Inside/outside," the celestial head-bobbing sounds of "Weedhead," and the guitar-led indie-pop sounds of "Various Transmissions." These tracks show off Schuster's flexibility and creativity as a composer. So creative, in fact, that one might think that if **Internal/External** were to continue as a duo and record a full length of new material as good as this stuff, they could carve a deep niche for themselves in the indie/electronic scene. They could also likely help establish Olympia as a place where this style of quirky indie-pop inspired electronica thrives alongside other musical movements the town is known for,

such as riot grrrl and underground indie.

Mike Chilton

THE INTIMA

No Lullaby for Sleep
(Zam)

The cover art is not the best on the block. Allow yourself to take a step back and remember what your mother told you. An audible buzz does not surround this band (are you even listening?). Sometimes wonder if the minor high school logic ever wears thin (popularity by association). I also wonder about people who only read reviews of albums they already own (draw your own conclusions). As far as the music goes: violin, guitar, bass, and drums—more **Fugazi** than **Dirty Three**. This album is good, damn it. Please take that leap of faith, listen to this album and forget the time you told the awkward tall-short-fat-skinnny-weird kid that you didn't want to dance because your own insecurity would not allow you partake in the unbearable act of humiliation that might just make someone else happy. **Jay Duvalard**

LADYTRON

604

(Emperor Norton)

This is the much anticipated full-length from four goofy kids calling themselves **Ladytron**. Much of the preceding EP, **Commodore Rock**, is included in this disc of angular, '80s style "futurism." Not a lot of the new wave sound was as consistent as what we're receiving from bands like **Ladytron**, **The Faint**, **Winterbrink**, and other revivalists working on twidly, neo new wave territory. **Ladytron** is at the forefront of this odd revival, not only scooping from 19 years ago but also sounding like peers of the glorious **Stereo-Total** and **Chicks on Speed** and, perhaps, some **Add N to Do**. The previously recorded and **Bertrand Burgalat**-produced "He Took Her to a Movie" is re-recorded here in a minimalist form which resembles **Kraftwerk's** "The Model" and may direct us further into **Ladytron's** list of possible influences. **Black**

LILPUT

(Kill Rock Stars)

My only knowledge of **Swiss** punk guitar pioneers **Kleenex** comes from their one track on the 1981 **Rough Trade** compilation **Wanna Buy A Bridge?** and a brief mention in a **Sleater-Kinney** interview I happened to read years ago, before **Sleater-Kinney** started on their long journey to **Suck**. I also knew that they were forced to change their name to **LILPUT** after **Kimberley-Clark** started bringing the axe of trademark litigation down on them.

This CD re-release of all **Kleenex/LILPUT's** stuff is an excellent addition to any completist's library, especially the

second disc. Their art, minimal guitar pop art is spliced with weirdness typical of the early '80s: "funky," "African" percussion, polyglot and multivocal lyrical excursions, punk edges buried under pop cleanliness. The inevitable comparison band as now is, with **The Slits**, but I'd argue that **LILPUT** were both more skilled musically and more consistent songwriters. That's a pretty scary statement to have to make, especially when it concerns a band that has been essentially buried for 20 years. Get this CD and wonder why you haven't heard **LILPUT** before.

Just one complaint: **Kill Rock Stars**, where's the fucking vinyl? You should know better. **Barbara**

STEPHEN MALKMUS

Stephen Malkmus
(Matador)

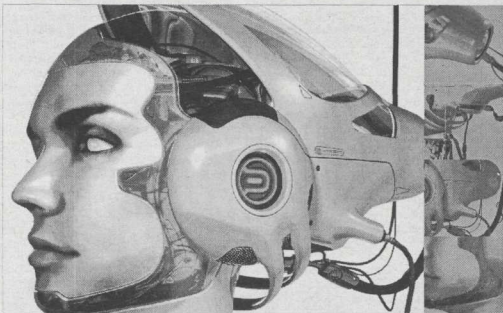
Oh, great. Another educational album. No, really, listening to this album was so much of a learning experience, I should have received course credit for it. For those of you not sure about paying tuition for **Stephen Malkmus 101**, here's a brief synopsis of what I learned. One: **Pavement** likely didn't break up due to artistic differences—if that were the case, then why does this album sound like woulda-been **Pavement** songs? Two: woulda-been **Pavement** songs are better than no **Pavement** songs at all, especially when done by the former frontman for said band. If anyone should know how to write 'em, it's him. Three: the **Uly Brynner** **Theorem**. Any album with a song on it about **Uly Brynner** cannot be all bad. Hey, I even wrote my own personal stereo so I could review the course material while on the bus, which is something I never do unless there's a test that day. No test here, though—just an enjoyable album. **Cat**

MAZEGUIDER AKA JEET K DA TRIPMASTER

unbustastadise
(Independent)

That crazy-ass **Jeet K da Tripmaster**. After a couple of years of skulking in the shadows of such hip-hop fusion acts as **Third Eye Tribe** and **Kinnie Starr**, that ol' jokester changes his handle to **MazeGUIDER**—somebody you'd expect to find in the world of **The Hobbit**. He then decides to ditch the turntables for an electronic effects board and rap over that instead—that is, on the couple of tracks he chooses to rap on, the rest of the tracks being boring instruments. Though **Jeet K/MazeGUIDER** has a live per-

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formance which is slowly becoming one of the better local hip-hop/rap acts going right now, I hope he is not banking that this recording will hook converts. This album has rough-sounding beats which feel K has unsteadily tailored together to fit the new "electronic artist" title he must be reaching for. Let's hope he realizes that, with polish, electronics and traditional hip-hop can co-exist on a single album successfully, and he can lose the silly new moniker.

Spike

THE PIXIES

Complete "B" Sides (4AD)

I was eight years old in 1987 when The Pixies put out their first LP, *Come On Pilgrim*. I had no idea who they were. At about the same time I bought one of my very first albums, a tape copy of Bon Jovi's *Live! On A Prayer* EP. I'm pretty sure that Bon Jovi is still around. In 1991, The Pixies put out their last full-length, *Trompe le Monde*. This was probably around the time that I was getting into Vanilla Ice's *To the Extreme*. The Pixies, alas, are not. I don't know what any of this means, other than the fact that it makes sense that I've never heard any of the tracks on *Complete "B" Sides* before, since during the time these songs were released, I was naively swallowing the music industry's Top 40 spoon-fed. Well damn it all, now's my chance to catch up, and in easy-to-manage CD format to boot. Here's the verdict: every song is absolutely wonderful, with no exceptions. *Complete "B" Sides* has instrumentals, it's got a song in Spanish, live renditions of songs, cover tunes, a different version of "Wave of Mutation," two music videos interactively included, and it's

all extremely superb. The 19 songs feature Frank Black at his most eccentric and the whole band at their most danceable. In fact, if anybody can listen to the song "Dancing the Manta Ray" without shaking or at least wanting to shake their ass, they'd better have ass problems, or else there's something terribly wrong with the rock 'n' roll chip inside their brain. This is Frank, Kim, Joey, and Dave at their collective finest. But then again so was every album they put out together. Damn, I'm sorry I missed it.

Jason T

SOLARBABY

Another Sidekick's Bloody Dream (Pale Horse)

Solarbaby frontman, Marq Desouza, has a penchant for writing hurtin' tunes. So it seems absolutely appropriate that his trio's second album takes a turn at the sign marked "heartache" and marches willfully toward personal oblivion. Gone from this album is Marq's razor-sharp lyrical wit and humorous wordplay. That sort of stuff is now the sole territory of his solo pursuits, which culminated in last year's debut, *Temporary Redemption*. Instead, this Solarbaby album is full of epic about alcoholism, broken hearts, malice, defiance, and injustice. These snapshots of the band's new world are bleak, and yet they are stark and tragic images that stick in your mind long after the CD has finished playing. Also gone on this sophomore effort are the poppy alt-country stylings of the 1998 debut, *The Power of Negative Prayer*. The band has replaced that sound with a mix of introspective insurgent country—popularized locally by such bands as Radiogram and Flophouse Jr.—and a healthy dose of '70s-style blues-rock.

Unlike the debut, this album is intended less for dancing and more for nursing a bottle of Bushmill's and thinking of what might have been. In a nutshell: think Steve Earle with the needle still in his arm.

Spike

SAINT ETIENNE

Interlude (Sub Pop)

Saint Etienne releases their compilation album *Interlude* on March 20. This new album includes basic tracks from three singles, three brand new songs, a cover of a song by Brian Wilson, and two club remixes as bonus tracks.

It is too hard to explain Saint Etienne's musical world because they take us to unknown places with their sound magic. They evoke two kinds of pictures: the sophisticated tastes of the city and the friendly atmosphere of the countryside; mature lady love and young girl with mom; and future electronic music and '60s charming pop music. The reason why they give us these incoherent feelings is because Sarah's slinky, mellow voice and Bob and Pete's stoic electronic backings are blended so well. I suppose there is no person who can organize such a marvelous atmosphere by music.

When I saw their live performance, I was very pleased with Sarah's casual smile, pretty dress, husky speaking voice, and lovely dance! I want to be a good mood woman like her... I love Sarah!!!

I am sure their music takes you out to a more colorful world from your dull daily life. If you are tired of studying for exams (like me) or want to travel somewhere new, why don't you listen to this record and have a comfortable moment?

Miki Hirano

TRAM

Frequently Asked Questions (Jetset)

KRISTIN HERSH Sunny Border Blue (4AD)

COCO COCO (K)

UN JIN/RAIN JACKET Rain Jacket (Sinsoidal/NviroN)

The amount of albums released every month is pretty imposing. "How," you ask, "am I supposed to spot rare gems among the torrential outpouring of mediocrity?" If you're really prepared to entrust me with carrying out this task on your behalf, then go out and buy something by Fennesz, Dose One, or Chris Morris. If you've still got your heart set on doing the dirty work yourself then the following reviews might prove instructive.

None of the albums reviewed here come within spitting distance of, say, Kid 606's *GQ on the EQ*—so let's not waste too many words on them, eh? A cursory run through, in ascending order of quality, ought to be sufficient.

In fact, your faithful reviewer can't claim to have much to say about Tram's *Frequently Asked Questions* because he only made it as far as track four before slamming his pointer finger on the stop button and yelling "Shit!" at the CD player. Strange, because this band came highly recommended from a number of usually reliable sources. Clearly they see some worth in FAQ's slightly dreamy, vaguely rootsy indie rock, but if you really want something of this ilk, done with far more verve, get an old *Throwing Muses* album.

If you already have their whole back catalogue, you'll probably want the new CD from Muses front-person

Kristin Hersh. It's a pretty solid effort but with fewer catchy tunes and somewhat less intricate guitar playing than usual. Also, Kristin isn't exactly exploring any new territory right now. Maybe she should add some tearing janglist breaks to her next batch of songs.

Hey, stranger things have happened! Like Calvin Johnson's Olympia-based K label—champions of all that is pallid and jangly—deciding that being black and funky is where the dope shit is at. G. The latest upshot of this remarkable about-face is COCO, a band who sound exactly like your high school chess club covering songs by legendary punk-funkers ESG. In theory, it's all a bit offensive. In practice, it's pretty good fun.

More contrived funkiness from the Pacific Northwest comes courtesy of local type UN Jin AKA Rain Jacket. UJ seems intent on humanizing experimental electronics with some unusually life rhythms, a little live jazz instrumentation and a few world music samples. Occasionally, the results are dreadfully tasteful but, when things start to get somewhat more daring, interesting dissonances emerge—both harmonic and stylistic. At it's best, this local release beats the hell out of all the world-class contenders dealt with above. Now, isn't that a nice positive note to end on?

Sam Macklin

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Original Motion Picture Soundtrack: Terror Firm (Go-Kart)

I find it very fishy when the list of bands on a Hollywood movie soundtrack seems to completely coincide with the latest Top 40 pop/rap/r&b hits that the big record companies are pushing.

Not only does it make for a piece of crap compilation that's really nothing more than a thinly disguised advertisement package, it usually means that the film itself probably isn't so hot either. Shamefully, Go-Kart Records and the makers of *Terror Firm* seem to have caught on to this poor attempt at a marketing scheme, and true to my theory they've come up with quite a stinker collection of tunes. This soundtrack is essentially a punk rock sampler of nearly the entire Go-Kart roster, such as Down By Law, The Lunachicks, and Anti-Flag, with some bigger bands like NOFX, Rocket From the Crypt, A11, and The Melvins tacked on for added selling power. Sounds good? Well, not really. Somehow this thing features many Go-Karters—who usually rock pretty hard—sounding like garbage, and most of the big names are at their smelly worst. If someone were interested in a true sampler of this label's catalogue, I'd suggest *Go-Kart Vs. the Corporate Giant 2*, which is killing much better, easier on the wallet, and actually includes The Buzzcocks and Boris the Sprinkler! And for God's sake, if you want to hear the Bouncing Souls play "Angyle," please get the punk rock masterpiece that is *Manicured Laughter*. Leave this stink alone!

Jason T



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Doretta Lau
10,000 Voices
Tuesdays, 5-6PM

Record played most often on your show:
The Intima, *No Lullaby For Sleep*
Book you would save in a fire or flood or earthquake or tornado:
Would it be sad to say my agenda?
Book you would like to use as toilet paper:
Jewel's best selling poetry book *A Night Without Armor*
First book your mom read to you:
Go Dog Go

Last show you read:
Jan Wong's *China*
Favourite guest that you've had on your show:
Toss up between Jen Lam, Stephanie Bolster and Zsuzsi Gartner.
Musician/Writer you would most like to marry:
Eric San, aka Kid Koala
Favourite show on CiTR:
Rhymes and Reasons
Strangest phone call received while on-air:

I once had a guy call and tell me my show was being broadcast on "Bob TV", which, according to him, is a station restricted to the elite (politicians and celebrities). He told me that Bill Clinton, John Travolta and Meg Ryan were possible audience members. Another time, a guy told me to stop playing my sucky girly music because I switched from a set of hip hop to girly with guitars. He called four times. The fourth time he asked for advice on what CDs he should buy. •

Sister B
Reggae Linkup
Saturdays, 4:30-9:00am



Record played most often on your show:
Capleton, "Run the place"
Record you would save in a fire:
Cutty Ranks, "Disappear"
Record that should burn in hell:
Frisco Kid, "Gal A Malfunccion"
Worst band you like:
Snow
Last record you bought:
Lady Saw, "Son of a Bitch"
First record you bought:
Dennis Brown, "Revolution"
Musician you would most like to marry:
Already married.
Favourite show on CiTR:
Erraax with Guy Smiley
Strangest phone call received while on-air:
The man who asked me to put on the BBC news. •

Miko Hoffman
And Sometimes Why
First Wednesday of each month 7:30-9:00PM

Record played most often on your show:
I'm dating myself here, but when I started doing radio in 1993, it was all about

grrrr power, slacker-boy rock, and a few "weird" things that would irritate my father. (I probably haven't changed much, actually.) Over the years, I'd say the most-played album would be Yo La Tengo's *Painful*. The list of runners up would include Liz Phair's *Exile in Guyville*, Bikini Kill's s/t, Tiger Trap's s/t, and anything that is Behead, Seam, Versus, or Low...

Record you would save in a fire:
All of the above, plus Gavin Bryars' *The Sinking of the Titanic*, Helium's *The Dirt of Luck*, The Velvet Underground's *White Light / White Heat*, and Silksworm's *Lifetime*.

Last record you bought:
The New Year, Neumes Ends

First record you bought:
I honestly don't know. I don't think it was a very momentous occasion when I started paying for my own records because ever since I can remember, my dad has bought me music. In the '80s, my dad would drag me into A&B Sound on Saturday mornings to get the latest Go-beetles or whatever, and as

a bribe, would buy me a record. I'm sure that Musical Youth, Michael Jackson, and Cyndi Lauper would be high up there. **Musician you would most like to marry:**

I have no desire to get married, but I do have rock star crushes on Carrie Brownstein (Sleater Kinney), Richard Baluyut (Versus), Mary Timony (Helium), Chaz Marshall (Cat Power), and everyone in Ida.

Favourite show on CiTR:
Replica Reject, *Contemporary*, and *Are You Serious?* Music

Strangest phone call received while on-air:

The marriage proposal was a bit strange. •

Gemma
Steve and Mike
Thursday 1-2PM



Record played most often on your show:

Anything by Sick of It All.
Record you would save in a fire:

My Billie Holiday double CD.
Record that should burn in hell:

I refuse to answer this question on the grounds that it would hurt someone's feelings.

Worst band you like:

Chris Isaak rocks my world.

Last record you bought:

I don't buy records, but I do buy merchandise, so my Ignite jacket.

First show you bought:

Some David Bowie album, can't remember the name.

Musician you would most like to marry:

Pretty much every tattooed love boy I see in a hardcore band!

Favourite show on CiTR:

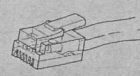
Too many great ones to choose from! But of course *Flex Your Head* comes to mind.

Strangest phone call received while on-air:

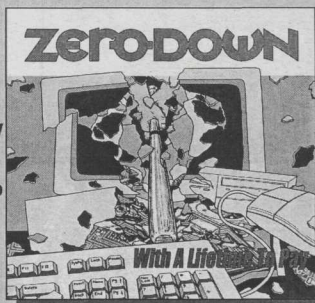
I've been asked out a couple of times—which is strange, 'cause no one knows what I look like, well, until now. •

ZERO DOWN

“WITH A LIFETIME TO PAY”



**February
20th 2001
CD/LP**



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03.23.01
FRIDAY

COMMODORE.9PM

- + Vernon Reid & Masque
- + Metalwood
- + Dirty Dozen
Brass Band
- + Urban Visuals

SONAR.8PM

MAIN ROOM

- + The Herbaliser DJs:
Ollie Teeba/Jake Wherry
- + Vinyl Richie

ROOM 2

- + Matty & Price

03.24.01
SATURDAY

COMMODORE.9PM

- + Bullfrog featuring
Kid Koala & BluRum 13
- + The Herbaliser DJs:
Ollie Teeba/Jake Wherry
- + Doris the Funkasaurus
- + Urban Visuals

SONAR.9PM

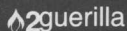
Modern Groove Presents
INSIDE

MAIN ROOM

- + Dickey Doo
- + Luke McKeehan
- + Todd Omotani
- + Dana D

ROOM 2

- + Clarence
- + Wilson Hart
- + Leisa Loud
- + Jono Howard

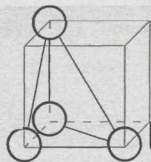


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TO THE BEAT OF



du Maurier NIGHTLIFE



charts

what's being played at citr

March Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 oh susanna | sleepy little sailor | square dog |
| 2 low | things we lost in the fire | kranky |
| 3 takako minekawa | maxi on ep | emperor norton |
| 4 tortoise | standards | thrill jockey |
| 5 propagandhi | today's empires... | g-7 |
| 6 corn sisters | the other women | mint |
| 7 causeway | causey vs. everything | alt. tentacles |
| 8 trail vs. russia | s/t | independent |
| 9 ladytron | 604 | emperor norton |
| 10 twilight circus... | dub plates vol. 2 | m |
| 11 japancakes | the sleepy strange | kindercore |
| 12 gossip | that's not what i heard | kill rock stars |
| 13 nasty on | lester bangs ep | stutter |
| 14 new pornographers | mass romantic | mint |
| 15 no luck club | newfangled moments | independent |
| 16 lesser | gearhound | matador |
| 17 toxa | suzuki in dub | g-stone |
| 18 shipping news | very soon... | quarterstick |
| 19 donnas | turn 21 | lookout! |
| 20 moka only | road life | independent |
| 21 rainer maria | a better version of me | polyvinyl |
| 22 johnny cash | american III: solitary man | columbia |
| 23 stars | nightsongs | le grand magistry |
| 24 tram | frequently asked questions | jetset |
| 25 pizzicato five | the fifth release | matador |
| 26 stephen malkmus | s/t | matador |
| 27 oranger | the quiet vibration... | amazing grease |
| 28 action time | versus the world | southern |
| 29 new year | newness ends | touch and go |
| 30 vancover nights | s/t | endearing |
| 31 hawksley workman | for him and the girls | ba da bing! |
| 32 pj harvey | stories from the city | island |
| 33 sigur ros | ogaels byrjun | fat cat |
| 34 ekova | space lullabies... | six degrees |
| 35 frank black | dog in the sand | sonic unyon |

March Short Vinyl

- | | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 blow up | dead stars, seven sixes | empty |
| 2 new town animals | lose that girl | mint |
| 3 electric frankenstein | the perfect crime | sub pop |
| 4 exploders | electric power | rip off |
| 5 zen guerrilla | the seeker | sub pop |
| 6 briefs | poor and weird | cut and run |
| 7 rainer maria | hell and high water | polyvinyl |
| 8 salteens | tomorrow | endearing |
| 9 jello biafra | the green wedge | alt. tentacles |
| 10 riff randells | who says girls can't rock | mint |
| 11 cex | get your badass on | 555 |
| 12 big john bates | vibro psychotic | nearly nude |
| 13 abbc | elevator baby | wabana |
| 14 iristeza | are we people | tiger style |
| 15 bs 2000 | buddy | grand royal |
| 16 team dresch/automatics | split | mental monkey |
| 17 machine gun tv | s/t | detector |
| 18 banana erectors | you got that uh uh | sftri |
| 19 aisters set | clouds will clear | suicide squeeze |
| 20 bum/pingu | magic teeth presents | magic teeth |

March Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 nicely nicely | it's me, not yours |
| 2 triple word score | too far gone |
| 3 victory gin | tired |
| 4 gray's anatomy | no chocolate for tyson |
| 5 tennessee twin | oh darkness |
| 6 panty boy | sea hag |
| 7 fanfare | the heathens are happier |
| 8 uneven steps | postcard from the depths of shame |
| 9 bad apple | life is rough |
| 10 joel | heart X 50' woman |
| 11 lollies | found myself at the supermarket |
| 12 seana and splatter bends | travlogue 10.97 |
| 13 squares elite | around the capital |
| 14 magnus | dragon style |
| 15 bel rise | the notion |
| 16 spinoffs | don't stalk my sister |
| 17 jumpstart | worthwhile |
| 18 amarillo stars | el paso |
| 19 panacea | lesson |
| 20 sleepy junes | everyday |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

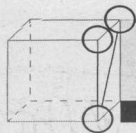
The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CITR's playlist was played by our djs during the previous month (ie, "March" charts reflect airplay over February). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unix.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts".

FLEX YOUR HEAD (TUESDAYS, 6-8pm)

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION/THEY LIVE | SPLIT 7" |
| 2 THE FAIRFUCK 7" | |
| 3 GUYANA PUNCH LINE | SOUNDS FOR THE NEW YOUTH AESTHETIC |
| 4 HOLIER THAN THOU 7" | |
| 5 PROPAGANDHI | TODAY'S EMPIRES, TOMORROW'S ASHES |
| 6 RAISED FIST | IGNORING THE GUIDELINES |
| 7 TEAR IT UP | JUST CAN'T STAND IT |
| 8 TRAGEDY | S/T |
| 9 UNITED SUPER VILLAINS | CHOKE SLAMMED BACK TO LIFE! |
| 10 WITHIN BLOOD | FIRST BLOOD |

TOP TEN BEST THINGS IN JULIE'S MAIL THESE DAYS

- | | | |
|--|------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 CALLA | SCAVENGERS | (YOUNG GOD) |
| 2 FLUX INFORMATION SCIENCES | PRIVATE/PUBLIC | (YOUNG GOD) |
| 3 HALF JAPANESE | HELLO | (ALT. TENTACLES) |
| 4 TIGRE BENVIE | YEAR OF THE MUTT | (1.7 PUBLICATIONS) |
| 5 NEW CHRISTIAN MUSIC FOR MY LITTLE BROTHER | | |
| 6 KEOKI | JEALOUSY | (just kidding) |
| 7 LOCAL PRESS KITS IN DUOTANGS | | |
| 8 LES SÉQUELLES | ET TANT PIS SI CELA... | (GRENADINE) |
| 9 MAJOR LABEL RELEASE SHEETS | | |
| 10 CANADIAN CONTENT OF QUALITY - A TREASURED DISCOVERY | | |



on the dial

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Cars open.
Mar. 4: Featuring Vancouver Pro Musica and the Sonic Boom Festival.
Mar. 11: Post-Women's Day program of all women composers.
Mar. 18: On-air interview with composer Jordan Nobles.
THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.
BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Realcowshit caught-in-her-boots country.
CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.
SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-

6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!
QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.
HELLO INDIA 8:00-9:00PM
GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies, Ghazals, Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, etc.
THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM Strictly Hip-Hop - Strictly Underground - Strictly

Vinyl. With your hosts Mr. Rumble, Seonki, and J Swing on the 1 & 2's.
THE CHILL-OUT ROOM 12:00-2:00AM Time to wind down? Lay back in the chill-out room. Trance, house, and special guest DJs with hosts Dexter and Nasty.
FILL-IN 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAYS

SALARIO MINIMO 6:00-8:00AM Spanish rock, ska, techno, and alternative music - porque no todo en esta vida es "solo"!
BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-brothers, James and Peter offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural

delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge, and ambience.
LOUD, FAST, AND AGING RAPIDLY alt. 11:00-1:00PM
GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM
PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris.
STAND AND BE CUNTED alt. 3:00-4:00PM DJ Hancout is in training for Olympic party athletics - soon to be a gold medalist in drinking, drug taking, and reckless behaviour with your host Chris.
BLACK NOIZE alt. 3:40PM DJ Not X sez: "Fuck You, My Man!"
EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.
WEMER'S BARBEQUE 5:00PM Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds and some other goodness, giveaways, and stuff.
SOUPE DU JOUR alt. 6:00-7:30PM Feeling a little French? Join our Francophone sans from around the globe, sans Celine Dion.

REEL TO REEL alt. 6-6:30PM Movie reviews and criticism.
THE RELATIONSHIP SHOW alt. 6:30-7:30PM
BY THE WAY 7:30-9:00PM I don't know what I'm up to any more. I play lots of odd German electronic, some 7's, and a demo here and there. Go figure.
THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest Silver trumpet time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suego Gavin Waller. Features at 11.
Mar. 5: A delayed feature from January - "The Styling Of Silver" by pianist/composer Horacio Silver with trumpeter Art Farmer and tenor Heavy Hank Mobley.
Mar. 12: On the 46th anniversary of his death, the music of Charlie "Bird" Parker is tonight's feature. Sessions with his various groups and a variety of guests.
Mar. 19: Handsome, talented, charismatic, and drugaddicted, trumpeter Tony Fruscella called the "East Coast Chat Baker." We'll hear the one and only major label recording by a man who died in undeserved obscurity.
Mar. 26: "Africa Brass" - John

Coltrane's masterpiece with his classic quartet augmented by a brass and reed orchestra... a powerful statement by one of jazz music's masters.
VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts - thank fucking Christ.
PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.
WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM
THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Put your hands together for the rock 'n' roll riot! Put your hands together for the rock 'n' roll riot! Let's get **BLUE MONDAY** alt. 11:30AM
1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schlong to, hosted by Coreen.
ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM
CONTEMPORARY 2:00PM Music and poetry for jackasses.

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

6 ^{AM}	7	8	9	10	11	12 ^{PM}	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12 ^{AM}
REGGAE LINKUP	SALARIO MINIMO	PACIFIC PICKIN'	THE ELECTRIC JAM BAND HOUR	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM	SHADOW AT DAWN	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
			SUBURBAN JUNGLE	THE MEZZANINE FLOOR	CAUGHT IN THE RED	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE
ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WORLD HEAT	FOOL'S PARADISE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE
			THE NORTHERN WISH	THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SHOW	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	THE SATURDAY EDGE
ROCKERS SHOW	GIRLFOOD	BLUE MONDAY	ANOIZE	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	SOULSISTAH RADIO	SOULSISTAH RADIO	SOULSISTAH RADIO	SOULSISTAH RADIO	SOULSISTAH RADIO	SOULSISTAH RADIO	SOULSISTAH RADIO	SOULSISTAH RADIO	SOULSISTAH RADIO	SOULSISTAH RADIO	SOULSISTAH RADIO	SOULSISTAH RADIO	SOULSISTAH RADIO
	LOUD, FAST AND AGING RAPIDLY	ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PULSES	THE SHAKE	STEVE & MIKE	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	POWERCHORD	POWERCHORD	POWERCHORD	POWERCHORD	POWERCHORD	POWERCHORD	POWERCHORD	POWERCHORD	POWERCHORD	POWERCHORD	POWERCHORD	POWERCHORD	POWERCHORD
	PARTS UNKNOWN	C.P.R.	RADIO FREE PRESS	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW	HIGH ON GRASS	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE
BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	STAND AND BE CUNTED	PROM QUEEN	MOTORDADDY	RHYMES & REASONS	NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE	CODE BLUE
	EVIL VS. GOOD	THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN	RACHEL'S SONG	LEGALLY HI (TK)	NOOZE & ARTS (TK)	HEARSAY	HEARSAY	HEARSAY	HEARSAY	HEARSAY	HEARSAY	HEARSAY	HEARSAY	HEARSAY	HEARSAY	HEARSAY	HEARSAY	HEARSAY
CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	WEMER'S BARBEQUE	10,000 VOICES (TK)	AND SOMETIMES WHY	OUT FOR KICKS	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS	RADIO FREE AMERICA	RADIO FREE AMERICA	RADIO FREE AMERICA	RADIO FREE AMERICA	RADIO FREE AMERICA	RADIO FREE AMERICA	RADIO FREE AMERICA	RADIO FREE AMERICA	RADIO FREE AMERICA	RADIO FREE AMERICA	RADIO FREE AMERICA	RADIO FREE AMERICA	RADIO FREE AMERICA
QUEER FM	SOUP DU JOUR	FLEX YOUR HEAD	REFUGA REJECT	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR	AFRICAN RYTHMS	PIPE DREAMS	PIPE DREAMS	PIPE DREAMS	PIPE DREAMS	PIPE DREAMS	PIPE DREAMS	PIPE DREAMS	PIPE DREAMS	PIPE DREAMS	PIPE DREAMS	PIPE DREAMS	PIPE DREAMS	PIPE DREAMS
	REELS TO REAL	RADIO ELINIKATHIKO	FOLK OASIS	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOMEBASS	SOUL TREE	SOUL TREE	SOUL TREE	SOUL TREE	SOUL TREE	SOUL TREE	SOUL TREE	SOUL TREE	SOUL TREE	SOUL TREE	SOUL TREE	SOUL TREE	SOUL TREE
HELLO INDIA	BY THE WAY	A WALKABOUT THE WORLD	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR	HIGHBRED VOICES	BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD	THE RED EYE	THE RED EYE	THE RED EYE	THE RED EYE	THE RED EYE	THE RED EYE	THE RED EYE	THE RED EYE	THE RED EYE	THE RED EYE	THE RED EYE	THE RED EYE	THE RED EYE
GEETANJALI	THE JAZZ SHOW	VENUS FLYTRAP	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	THE MORNING AFTER SHOW	EARWAX	EARWAX	EARWAX	EARWAX	EARWAX	EARWAX	EARWAX	EARWAX	EARWAX	EARWAX	EARWAX	EARWAX	EARWAX
THE SHOW			FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM			REGGAE LINKUP	REGGAE LINKUP	REGGAE LINKUP	REGGAE LINKUP	REGGAE LINKUP	REGGAE LINKUP	REGGAE LINKUP	REGGAE LINKUP	REGGAE LINKUP	REGGAE LINKUP	REGGAE LINKUP	REGGAE LINKUP	REGGAE LINKUP
CHILL-OUT ROOM	VENGEANCE IS MINE!	AURAL TENTACLES																
FILL-IN	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES																	

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop
• Hk= Hans Kloss • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • Mh= metal • No= noise • Nw= Nardwuar • Po= pop • Pu= punk • Re= reggae • Rr= rock • Rts= roots
• Sk= ska • So= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • Ws= world

C.P.R. 2:00-3:30PM
PROM QUEEN 3:30-4:30PM
ELECTRIC AVENUES 4:30-5:30
 alt. (last Tuesday of each month)

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.

RADIO ELLINKATHIKO 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio.

A WALK ABOUT THE WORLD 9:00-10:00PM
VENUS RHYTHM'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM
 loveden@hotmail.com

SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM
 Plutonium, slim chatter.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM Ambient, ethnic, disco, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAY

THE ELECTROLUX JAM BAND HOUR 6:00-7:00AM
THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM

Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek, R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! subjungle@chcable.net

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE WORTHEN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.

ANOIZE 12:00-1:00PM Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recycled for the litroop.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM The manatee is my spirit animal. Me de Fagita.

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show! Bleek presents the underground press with articles from zines from around the world.

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM Socio-political, environmentally-activist news and spoken word with some music too. rachelssong@ycos.com

POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:30-7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM Sleater-kinney, loud, lush... these are a few of our fave-leve-wit-things. (First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, noise, and other.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM The rootsy-worldbeat-bluesgrass-punk-alt-country-cojuncun-junk to show that daves call it folk. Alt. and singer-songwriters too.

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive "bhangra" ("Chakkh de pharr").

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM

Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:30AM

THE MEZZANINE FLOOR 6:30-8:00AM
END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM
THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SHOW 10:00-11:30AM
 Two hours of non-stop children's entertainment including songs, stories, poems, interviews, and special guests with your host Christina.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby (hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comix comic comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM
LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la Velourista! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! <http://www.sustainability.com/disco/radio>

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-named host Gary Olsen. crippsh55@aol.com

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.

HIGHBRED VOICES 1:00PM-1:00AM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone stat. Resident hater with guest DJs and performers. <http://plutonia.org>

SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash.

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM E m o i t a q u e s t i s to disko. ik@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Splice, A.V. Shack, and Promo bring you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, funkified, sample heavy, beat-kick trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats.

HIGH ON GRASS 2:00-3:30PM

MARDUJAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM Please keep on rowkin in the free world and have a good breakfast. Roc on, Nordweizer and Cleopatra Van Fluffstein.

NOOZE AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new

and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 2:00-6:00AM
THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 6:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

9-9AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

SOULSTRIKE RADIO 12:00-1:00PM
POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, Gerald Rattlehead, Dwain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KJFC (Los Angeles, CA).

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the electric, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM
THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

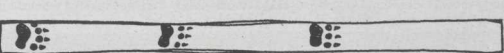
EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beat/drop dam headz rock inna junglist moshup/distort do source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free do jazz." Out—Guy Smiley

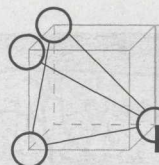
REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

listened online!
www.ams.ubc.ca/citr

Artists Doretta Lau
Board Chair Harry Hertscheg
Business Tob Moore
Current Events Tobias Van Veen
Cassets Jamsal Francis
Engineer Richard Anderson
Entertainment Clinton Ma
Mobile Sound vacant
Music Julie Colero
President Christine Glendinning
Production vacant
Program Coordinator Bryce Dunn
Promotions Alia Hussey
Record Librarian George Barrett
Secretary Christa Min
Sports Daryl Werner
Technical Manager Linda Schottler
Vice President Jay Douillard

Kick around march 2001





datebook

what's happening in march

FRI MAR 2

the crucible@chan centre; vendetta red, the building press, trail vs. russio@gibsons (seattle); northern pikes@starfish; crossfade feat. j-boogie@sonar; x, y: the soldier's tale@western front

SAT 3

djb, adept@clove cafe; the crucible@chan centre; lydia lunch, the need, inga muscio@i-spy (seattle); right on!, the goddamn gentlemen, the harpys@gibsons (seattle); x, y: the soldier's tale@western front; the big band trio@the auditorium; vancouver world music collective concert feat. khac chi ensemble, mad pudding, silk road, cello machado@vancouver community college (king edward); wildwood benefit feat. beluga, thunderbar, gray's anatomy, and more@ubc sub party room

SUN 4

less than jake, anti-flag, a new found glory, teen idols@dv8 (seattle, all-ages); the crucible@chan centre; x, y: the soldier's tale@western front; ann's birthday

MON 5

roni size and reza@commodore; hard rock miners@railway

TUES 6

CITR PRESENTS ROOTS DAUGHTERS FEATURING SOULSISTAH, DJ GIRL, NIDDI CASCADE, OMALARA, LADY PRECISE, DJ VYB, KRYSTABELLE AND SISTA SOULJAH@PURPLE ONION LOUNGE

WED 7

CITR PRESENTS SISTERFUNK: GRAND RE-OPENING OF THE FUNKTION FEATURING DJS ARIEL & JAN-Y W/ HOSTS DJ LUSH & NAT X@LOTUS; max serpinini, mark crozer@railway club; hevybevan@cobalt; steve earle, stacey earle@commodore; bareknaked ladies@gm place; dave gowans, ryan beattie, david chenery@sugar refinery; neil kruck-shank@yale

THUR 8

international women's day rally@grandview park (11am); stephen malkmus and the jicks@richard's; brodie, august spies, johnnynogood@gibsons (seattle); coal@sugar refinery; karen single band, amalia, son-icjop, linda maze, 4 play@purple onion club; suzan musleh, katrina bishop, allison crowe, carmelina cupo, sandi melody@purple onion lounge

FRI 9

stephen malkmus and the jicks, swords project@grace-land (seattle); the vaccines, the fakes, throat melt@gi-bsons (seattle); idelwild, brassy@starfish room; crossfade feat. shorikut@sonar; houseman@sit & spin (seattle)

SAT 10

CITR PRESENTS TRIPLE WORD SCORE, SMUT PEDDLING SAM, MY BUDDY DAVE, YOUR FUNERAL@JAVA JOINT, vancouver welsh men's choir, vancouver orpheus male voice choir@point grey school auditorium; the living end@graceland (seattle, early show!); idelwild, brassy@graceland (seattle); djb, adept@clove cafe; scared of chaka, the spits, the drove@gibsons (seattle)

SUN 11

green eggs and cam@vancouver east cultural centre; international sejong soloists@chan centre

MON 12

kelly joe phelps@WISE club; mad professor@sonar

TUES 13

daniela perez and the motherland project@christ church cathedral

WEDS 14

sick of it all, death by stereo, himsa@graceland (seattle); dieselboy@pound; ron hawks and rusty nails@starfish; big bottom (live hip hop/drum and bass)@dv8; the upstrokes, the spectacles@marine club

THURS 15

mark knopfler@queen elizabeth theatre; jim basnight, once for kicks, satellite heroes@gibsons (seattle); silent treatment, go dog go, star collector@starfish room; bruce freedman quartet@the cellar

FRI 16

the dirtybirds, boss martians, reckless bastards@gibsons (seattle); alpha yaya dialla@starfish room; crossfade feat. mastermind@sonar; string cheese incident@qe theatre

SAT 17

djb, adept@clove cafe; the seamstress union, the malks, white tiger uk@gibsons (seattle); the smugglers, the lottie collins, the spectacles, the instrumen@seylenn hall; string cheese incident@whistler conference centre

SUN 18

west coast chamber music's warm winds feat. alan thorpe, down haylett, karen noel bentley, melissa duchok, holly duff, and alan crane@unitarian church of vancouver; string cheese incident@whistler conference centre

WED 21

bluebird north@vancouver rowing club; francois bourras-sa trio, andre leroux@western front; the upstrokes, the spectacles@marine club; nomeansno@commodore

THUR 22

the reactors, medulla pinato@gibsons (seattle); dirty dozen brass band@crococile cafe (seattle)

FRI 23

the real pills, the enablers, every day sinners@gibsons (seattle); metal fest@anza club; crossfade feat. ollie teebea, jake wherry@sonar; vermon reid and masque, metalwood, dirty dozen brass band@commodore ball-room; uprooted (ubc student literary magazine) read-ing@black sheep books; carson downey band@yale

SAT 24

CITR PRESENTS SMUT PEDDLING SAM, TRIPLE WORD SCORE, YOUR FUNERAL@COBALT; djb, adept@clove cafe; shooting digital for a film finish work-shop@pacific cinematheque; the primate 5, the rock 'n' roll adventure kids, the bad girls, the nearly dead@gibsons (seattle); bullfrog feat. kid koala and blurum 13@commodore; coal, sinforosa@silverstone tavern (seattle); dickey doo,luke mckeehan, todd otonani, dana d, etc.@sonar

SUN 25

raffi@centennial theatre (afternoon)

MON 26

the zombie 4, the rock 'n' roll adventure kids, the appli-cators@gibsons (seattle)

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.

FOR THE APRIL ISSUE.

FAX LISTINGS IN TO 822.9364 OR EMAIL

<DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

DEADLINE FOR APRIL LISTINGS IS MARCH 27TH.

WED 28

kid koala, fcs north@i-spy (seattle); the upstrokes, the spectacles@marine club

THUR 29

nick cave@paramount (seattle, all ages!); the resi-dents@commodore; riff randells, operation make-out@ms. t's cabaret

FRI 30

sarah harmer, royal city@richard's; the deadcats, the riff randells@railway club; crossfade feat. tony vegas, primecuts@sonar

SPECIAL EVENTS

BIG JOHN BATES

fireball productions and the ton up club present locals big john bates on saturday, march 3rd at the piccadilly pub (630 w. pender) with the spectres, the voodoo dollz, and the evil norton neils band. this show kicks off big john bates' us tour. check out www.bigjohnbates.com.

SISTA'HOOD

at sonar (66 water street), march 8th: a benefit for the downtown eastside women's shelter, featuring niddi cascade, kia kadiri, qb the matriarch, zenobia, soulsistah and many, many more. advance tickets are \$10 at fwuh, bassix, boomtown, zulu, and otis records; \$12 at the door. be there!

THE RESIDENTS

when i joined citr in 1994 i was really young and scared of all the university students, so i'd come in on the week-ends and listen to records by myself. that's when i heard *Fingerprince* by the residents, and it scared the living day-lights out of me. march 29th at the commodore, for real.

BETTER THAN GREEN BEER

the smugglers, the lottie collins, the instrumen and the spectacles rock seylenn hall in north vancouver (605 mountain highway) all-ages style on march 17th. tickets will be \$7 at the door.

IWD RALLY & MARCH

feminism is fun and it will save your life. there will be a struggle and celebra-tion rally and march on saturday march 7, so meet at grandview park (commercial dr. and charles st.) at 11am. info: 604.708.0447

Upstream Entertainment

Presents

The Interstellar Funk of
San Francisco's



Vinyl

Fri. March 23rd
The Starfish Room

The groove saturated underbelly of

Garaj Mahal

Kai Eckhart, Bass (John McLaughlin, Trilok Gurtu)
Alan Hertz, Drums (KVHW)
Fareed Haque, Guitars (too many to list)
Eric Levy, Hammond B3 (Commodore's)

Sat. March 31st Sun. April 1st
The G.L.C. in Whistler Vancouver (TBA)

Upstream Entertainment with HoB Concerts present

MMW / Karl Denson's
Tiny Universe

Fri. April 13th
The
Commodore
Ballroom



KELLER WILLIAMS

Sun. April 15th
Richards on Richards
Mon. April 16th
The G.L.C. in Whistler



Tix @ Black Swan, Highlife, Zulu and all
Ticketmaster outlets/ charge by phone (604) 280 4444
More info @ www.upstreamentertainment.com
or call the Streamline @ (604) 904 4207

THE STRING CHEESE INCIDENT



Vancouver, BC Whistler, BC
QUEEN ELIZABETH THEATRE **WHISTLER CONVENTION CENTRE**
Friday March 16 Saturday March 17
Doors 8:30 • Show 9:30 Sunday March 18
Doors 9:00 • Show 7:00



Presented by:

Upstream Entertainment

sfx

More info @ www.upstreamentertainment.com

TIX: All Ticketmaster Outlets/ Charge by Phone (604) 280 4444

OnLine @ stringcheeseincident.com • ticketmaster.ca



Zulu: Music with Spine

THE BLACK HALOS The Violent Years CD

It is said in the Bible that saliva is a symbol of creation. Punk rock took this symbol and subverted it by encouraging that rock stars are to be spat on. Hmm. Semiotic reconfiguring? Our own **BLACK HALOS** know a thing or two about subverting rock 'n' roll. Their debut, 'brought the machine down like a flaming chariot drunk on hedonistic fruits' — they have all the symbols they need to put a stick in your spokes and leave you like a 'twisted ball of trashed-up loose definition damage'. Come on and live.

CD 16.98

DZIHAN & KAMIEEN Refreaked CD

Study up on some sonic geography! Continuing our investigations into emerging international electronics, we are pleased to unearth the latest remixes of these two B2C scholars, who run in the same circles as **Kruder and Dorfmeister** from Vienna. These **D&K** remixed sessions cover the map: dub, Latin vibes, infectious late-'70s R&B, as well as some finely crafted electro-thump. Remixers include **Matthew Herbert**, **Butterwums**, **Menu B**, **Mum**, **Eddy & Daz**, **Fauna Flash**, **At Jazz**, **Ufo** and more. Recommended. **AVAILABLE MARCH 13th**

CD 16.98

MARK KOZELEK What's Next to the Moon CD

Singer-songwriter **Mark Kozelek** is engaged in a prolonged game of self-referential deconstruction. Luckily, we get to hear all about it in rich, poetic detail. He's of that special type of songwriter who can make anything seem beautifully and additively depressing. Just take a look at some of the material he's covered, and revealed within it a sad inner core: **The Star Spangled Banner**, **Shock Me**, and even **Silly Love Songs**. Come and share this most lovely and miserable gift. So, what's getting you down lately, **Mark**?

CD 18.98

Other New Releases:

Various - LIVE FAT DIE YOUNG CD/LP - Punk rock on a tight budget.
O.S.T. - THE GIFT CD - Billy Bob Thornton likes Neko Case!
GOFF FARINA - Reverse Eclipse CD - Solo stuff from this Karate guy!
MOUSE ON MARS - Actionist Respoke CD/LP/12" - New house-deconstructions
Various - NO MATCHES NO STAMPS VOL. 4 CD - Fat Cat's comp of demos. BEANS!
Vert - MOREMOOSEIFORME 12" - New electro-experimentalism on Thrill Jockey.
BRAVE CAPTAIN - Nothing Lasts... CD - New stuff from a Boo Radley!
KRISTEN HERSH - Sunny Border Blue CD - A nice follow-up to Sky Motel
PIXIES - Complete B-Sides CD - Dance the Manta Ray with Black Francis!
Various - FUZZ FLAYKES & SHAKES VOL. 4 CD - 60s Garage with supermutts!
MICE PARADE - Mokoondi CD/LP - Amazon-esque, sonic vines and selva!
BADLY DRAWN BOY - Once Around the Block CD/LP - 5 mixes of this folk-pop genius.
STYROFOAM - A Short Album About Murder CD/LP - On Morr i have a crush on German electro-rock!

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT Group Sounds CD/LP

Activated off the major label reserve list, **John Reis** and the **ROCKET** boys return with another rift-rock shakeout. Thirteen tracks that follow up the row out of print split release with **The Get Up Kids** — this shit has swagger, spirit and spunk! Still from San Diego, still the horniest (trumpet and sax) band to blow rock-club speakers, and still juicier than a shark-meat burrito. **RTFC** are back! Remastered to be on tour and coming with **[International] Noise Conspiracy!**

CD 16.98 LP 14.98

MARK

Amy's Rocks. Marx Rolls Cass

Cassette tape in 2002? Yes indeed. And somehow this is almost the most appropriate format for this charming live recording (recorded at the mighty line Sugar Factory by the way). One side by **AMY** from **Clover Honey**, one side by **MARK** from **Copacabana Park**, two sides of smart indie pop. Are they some kind of **Dooney and Marie** for the new millennium? Well, no. Are they great songwriters and entertainers just the same? Yes, absolutely. Support local music: We do.

Cass 3.98

FRANCOIS HOULE Cryptology CD

If you're unfamiliar with Vancouver-based **Francis Houle**, then you should get familiar. Really. His technique is simply phenomenal. And the range of his playing is equally extraordinary, from formal new music, proper swinging jazz, totally out free improvisation, contemporary electro-acoustic cum electronics, to any eclectic hybrid in-between. For this recording, **Houle** begins with improvisation, easing gently into composed elements, offered in an overall "chamber format." How can someone so established and wild, so great, be still little known? Good question.

CD 19.98

WAGON CHRIST Musipal CD/LP

After a few pioneering electronic records in the early '90s on Rising High Records, **WAGON CHRIST** returns. Wagon who? **WAGON CHRIST**, a.k.a. **PLUG Drum and Bass for Papa**, a.k.a. **Luke Vibert** — sublime collaborator with **BJ Cole**, a.k.a. founder of UK's hip-hop beats imprint label **Big Dada**, a.k.a. the best bet to crack the top three: **Alexis Twin**, **U2**, **Squarepusher**. Credentials and then some, eh? Ninja Tune knows how to pick them. So should you!

AVAILABLE MARCH 6th

CD 16.98 LP 22.98

LUNA Live CD/LP

Ten years ago **CHALISTE 500** broke up. A chain reaction of events was set off: fans formed bands to fill the gap. Their motto was 'sing slowly, put lots of reverb on the vocals, play songs about getting drunk and about looking at the Empire State building'. The world was way out of whack and in a funk. Then, the new hope: **Dean Wareham's** solo live debut was with a band he called **Pulsar**, which featured his buddies from **Mercury Rev**. Sad-eyes no more. Then came his debut as **LUNA**, and this made us feel better — life under a new enchanted **Anaesthesia**! Fast forward to the future: **LUNA's** sixth full-length release, **Live**, featuring 14 tracks from a few shows at the 930 Club in DC and NYC's Knitting Factory.

CD 16.98 LP 36.98

ACEYALONE

Accepted Eclectic CD/LP

The foundation of the **Freestyle Fellowship** architecture, **ACEYALONE's** unparalleled lyrical prowess is the plaster supporting a multilevel network of underground hip-hop practitioners! You have come across his master workmanship on the improbably funny **Haiku d'état** and much-revered **Project Blowed** structures. You may have witnessed his collaboration with Zulu favorites **Ant-Pop Consortium**. Or you may be about to hear **Accepted Eclectic** and discover the man who keeps rap's underground byways structurally sound.

CD 18.98 LP 18.98

ARAB STRAP The Red Thread CD/LP

Someone broke **Aiden's** heart again. We're so sorry, working with one half of the story, but it's certainly a grim picture that's been painted. In a fine return to the dirty, distressed, and disconnected stories of **Philophobia**, **The Red Thread** spins out ten tales of confusion, woe, and extreme suffering. One can't help but feel sorry for **Aiden** and his troubled love affairs, making everything about our ordinary lives pale in comparison. If you don't go in for heart-rending fuck-up love stories, you'll still fall for the epic soundscapes of this album. It might just be the biggest album you've ever heard, but you've no idea... until you yourself get wrapped-up in the intricate confessions of a man you've never met.

CD 18.98 LP 24.98

LABRADFORD Fixed Context CD

Well, they haven't gone to death metal. While most rock bands who pitch their tents in the left field would like to kid us that they're in the middle of some great quest for progress, **LABRADFORD** are unashamedly idling their time away. The scenery's flat. At night you can build a campfire and watch the stars — perfect conditions for listening to the Virginia trio's fifth (7) full-length, which is full of their trademark limpid keyboards and wistful guitars. The fact that it has fundamentally the same title as their second album (**A Stable Reference**) is indicative that languid stillness has always been their raison d'être.

CD 18.98

TIPSY Uh-Oh CD/LP

Much vinyl weighs a ton. Such is the motto of **Dave Gardner** and **Tim Digulilla**, the diabolical duo who, under the **TIPSY** moniker, act as curators of some incredibly strange music. Armed with a sampler and source materials from all over the place, **TIPSY** are an incomparable eliot, combining the worlds of lounge, electronic, **Lynch**-like sound-track-rock, '60s pop, and "file-under-oddball" leech. Steamy sounds for steamy people! **AVAILABLE MARCH 6th**

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